

THE ARTIST.

FEBRUARY, 1843.

THE POLISH COUNTESS.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY THE EDITOR.

ON the last Sunday of the month of May, in the year 1833, the *elite* of the fashionable inhabitants of Genoa had assembled in the square of the Annunziata. Vespers had just concluded, and the congregation was pouring out of that magnificent church. A long file of carriages, drawn up in front of the Palazzo Mari, gave evidence that many of the fairer portion of the aristocracy of the city, were attending vespers at the Annunziata. The weather was serenely beautiful, and as the fair devotees emerged from the mysterious shadows of the aisles into the open glare, many a fan was suddenly raised to protect its bearer from the too ardent attacks of the sun, which was still shining with dazlingsplendor. Numbers of young and gaily dressed cavaliers had been impatiently awaiting the termination of the service, to catch a glimpse of their lady-loves, and they crowded towards the porch at the first signal of their egress. There was one lady whose surpassing beauty and noble deportment excited universal admiration. A splendid equipage was about drawing up to the portico, when she made a sign with her fan to the coachman who immediately drove off. The lady was leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, rather advanced in years, who appeared displeased at the carriage being ordered off, and at his lovely companion's expressing her intention to return home on foot by the Strada Balbi.

Two young gentlemen had observed, with particular attention, every gesture of the lady in question. One of them was

the Count Fabiano Val di Nota, a rich Sicilian nobleman, one of the leaders of the *ton* in Genoa; a man highly esteemed for the vast amount of his rent-roll, and much dreaded for his audacity. There was something haughty and disdainful in his countenance, and sinister in the expression of his light grey eyes. In character he was decided and relentless: and when bent on the attainment of an object, would pursue it, in despite of every obstacle and regardless of any pecuniary sacrifice it might require. Count Fabiano had selected as the follower of his fortunes, one of those cosmopolites who are always ready to play the satellite to any ruling star. He was a Franco-Italian, named Octavian d'Oropeza. He had travelled in all countries, and yet was only thirty years of age. His round and fresh colored face, denoted a heart void of feeling, and one which no serious passion could assail; one of those men who pass through the world, without allowing their feelings to be in any way disturbed by the misfortunes of their fellow creatures, provided they do not in any way interfere with their own immediate enjoyment.

Count Fabiano raised his arm with a most graceful curve to his hat, and bowed to the lovely lady and the gentleman who accompanied her. The salutation was replied to by the lady, by a graceful inclination of the head, and a divine smile. The gentleman looked over his gold spectacles at Fabiano, and merely raised his hat a little; he did not appear to recognise him.

"That old and rich marquis," said Fabiano, "has adopted a profession, by which he can, with impunity, insult whom he pleases."

"What is his profession?" asked Octavian.

"He is in the secret police; and belongs to the *buon governo*. He is a pitiful coward who shields himself by his profession."

"He is a man we must respect. But speak lower, Count Fabiano, these marble buildings are so many nests of echoes."

"Octavian, is this the first time you have seen that lady?"

"It is, Fabiano."

"What do you think of her?"

"What a singular question to put to me!"

"Adorable! adorable!—have you not heard that I am in great favor with her?"

"I was told so, yesterday, at Michel's, at dinner."

"The rumor is very generally believed, but it is false—"

"You will contradict it then."

"Why should I contradict it?—besides the world does not like that a calumny should be contradicted."

"The world is perfectly right; it would otherwise have nothing to amuse it."

"Ah! my dear Octavian, it appears that you have become censorious. Upon what magic herb have you trodden in your road from Rome?"

"Upon the bare stones, my dear Fabiano; I came all the way on foot by the Appenines, for I had scarcely a sous in my pocket."

"There is nothing extraordinary in that; but do not let the want of money weigh down your buoyant spirits—I will, as usual, be your banker."

"I cannot help admiring you, Fabiano; you are reported to be in high favor with this lady, and you deny it as though it were a crime,—and to me too!"

"You are perfectly right, it is to you only I deny it. In order that you may effectually serve me, you must be told the

exact position I am in. In this consists all my virtue; I waited for you in order to prepare my batteries."

"I understand you. Do you think the conquest will be difficult?"

"She is a woman."

"Will it cost you much?"

"My whole fortune, or nothing."

"You are still the same, Fabiano—you will never change."

"Never. This proud woman who now walks before us—listen Octavian—I am fearful that I am going to be fool enough to love her desperately. Nay, man, do not open your eyes so widely. Yes, my dear Octavian—I feel that I am at last most stupidly in love."

"Fabiano, you are speaking to one who has only just as it were fallen from the clouds. I arrived here from Rome only yesterday. All that I have yet seen of the lady is about a three quarter profile, and that only for a moment. Is she maid, wife or widow, Genoese or foreigner?"

"I will tell you in two words all that I know about her. My aunt, the Marchioness de Grimaldini, is an intimate friend of this lady. It was at my aunt's house that I first saw her. She is from Warsaw—her husband was killed at the taking of that city during the last insurrection of the Poles against the Russians; she sought refuge in Genoa in the house of Madame Gesualda Braschi, a relation of her mother's; you can see the house from this place; there, between the street of San Biro and the Palazzo Serra. Our lovely Polish lady is proscribed, her name even is proscribed, for in Genoa she is known only by the name of the Countess Hortensia. She has a most excellent disposition, is a perfect angel; possessed of a liveliness of spirit which enables her to forget her exile, her proscription, her widowhood; she goes from the church to a ball like any Italian; she dresses like a Parisian Countess; she prays like any saint; she waltzes like a fairy; she is as beautiful in the open day as under a chan-

delier. In the palmy days of Genoa, Vanduyck would have painted her portrait, Philip Carlona would have sculptured her statue; Perino del Vaga would have drawn her in fresco in the Palazzo Doria, and the Architect Tagliafico would have chiselled a mountain of marble to form a palace for her. Now Octavian, I have made you acquainted with the object of my adoration."

"Pretty nearly so."

"Let us assume an air of an indifference; She is just going into her house; do not let us appear to notice her, on account of her formidable cavalier."

Although the pace of the two young men was at that moment most studiously slow, in order to give time to the countess to get into her house before they reached it, the lovely lady was still standing at the door when they passed by. An harmonious voice which appeared to issue from a vase of alabaster and to pour its golden notes upon the marble edifices of the Strada Balbi, distinctly pronounced these words, "To-morrow evening then, on board the Cambrian."

The Count Fabiano rapidly hurried his friend into one of the by streets and striking his forehead exclaimed "I had entirely forgotten the ball on board the Cambrian! Those words were evidently intended for me. It is an assignation given in a most marvellously dexterous manner; a woman only could have thought of it: yes, Captain Hamilton gives a ball, to-morrow, on board the Cambrian. We will be there. Octavian you have seen my adorable countess, in the simple costume worn at church! She has proved to all our Genoese ladies, that beauty needs no other ornament than a few yards of muslin, a straw hat and a necklace of jet beads to which a simple cross is attached; well, my friend, to-morrow you shall see her radiant in beauty and in dress, at the ball on board the Cambrian. You have seen the woman, you will then see the Goddess.

The door was opened and again closed: the countess disappeared and the looks of

the crowd of young men who had followed her from church, were sorrowfully riveted on the spot where she had left only the old marquis. The latter appeared to be annoyed by the public attention which he excited; he hesitated for a few moments, and then crossed the street and entered the church of St. Carlos, to give time to the gazing crowd to disperse. The reputation of this man stood high in Genoa; he was beloved on account of his justice and his piety; the services he had rendered to many families were frequently spoken of; the widow and the orphan always found in him an energetic and compassionate defender; he had been a widower about ten years, and he might have aspired, notwithstanding his advanced age, to a rich alliance; for brilliant proposals had been made to him by several lady match-makers; but it was said that religion occupied all his thoughts and that this world had no longer any charms for him; he divided his hours between the ceremonies of the church, and the important duties of his official situation. After having drawn this portrait it is hardly necessary to state, that this pious individual was the well known Marquis Antonio Viani.

On the following evening, boats of every description were busily plying between the quay St. Cristophero and the roads, where the Cambrian was at anchor. The city of Genoa had given a fête in honor of Captain Hamilton, the destroyer of the pirates of the Archipelago, and on that day the Captain gave a ball in honor of the City. The gardens of the Villa Negroni and the Villa Pallavicini had been stripped to decorate the Cambrian. The muzzle of each of her guns was ornamented with an immense rosette of flowers; garlands of dahlias and roses were festooned round the bulwarks, and carried spirally to the top of each of her masts. Persian carpets were hung along the yards, over the bows and over the stern of the ship, giving to the vessel the appearance of a gorgeous bazar of Ispahan; the gangway ladders were covered with flowers of cut velvet,

and the whole orchestra, from the theatre of Carlo Felice, ranged upon the quarter deck, sent its inspiring strains across the tranquil sea to the city, exciting its inhabitants to hasten to the dance.

From all quarters this joyous appeal was eagerly attended to: for miles along the coast boats could be seen, all pulling towards the Cambrian. The bells on every hill in Genoa, were heard ringing the Angelus: and when the sun sank below the horizon in the Gulf of Liguria, the ball was opened with that Italian vivacity which appears determined not to lose the enjoyment of a single minute. The air was pervaded with that voluptuous and balmy sweetness felt only in an Italian climate; a thousand lanterns illuminated the decks of the Cambrian, shedding a light as brilliant as that of the noon day, and one would have imagined that Phœbus when sinking into the ocean, had, upon this occasion, gallantly left his last rays in attendance upon the lovely ladies of Genoa. Around the Cambrian the sea appeared darker than on other nights; the only object that could be distinguished upon it was the colossal shadow of the light-house, which raising its red light a hundred feet above the mole, looked like a Cyclops who had hastened from the Giant's Mountain to witness and enjoy the enchanting scene the ball afforded.

A boat bearing the arms of Genoa upon its flag, came alongside the ship. The commandant hastened across the deck to receive the visitors. The Marquis Antonio Viani was the first to mount the side ladder; he turned round to give his hand to a young lady, who, without accepting his proffered assistance, bounded with the lightness of an antelope from the top of the ladder to the deck: Viani and the commandant exchanged an admiring smile. A young man, who had till then been sitting in a retired corner upon one of the guns, immediately arose, and slowly approached the new comers; it was the Count Anatole de Mersanes. This movement, although very quietly performed, excited

the observation of two persons who were watching the lately arrived party; moreover, the count was one of those young travellers who never fail to attract attention; not that he owed this distinction to any brilliant physical advantages, or to his manners and mode of dress, for both were quiet and unassuming. His face, though slightly bronzed, from exposure to the sea and air, in the voyages and journeys he had performed, was naturally pale, and there was an expression in it, which although it did not convey the idea of bodily sickness, showed that the mind was ill at ease; his hair was jet black, and his dark eyes were large and penetrating, which contrasted marvellously with the paleness of his complexion. There was in his whole deportment that dignity and grace, which is observable in men of noble minds, who, confident of the rectitude of their intentions, and of their own moral energies, look with calmness upon the vicissitudes of life, and fear nothing because they are prepared for every thing.

The appearance of the young Polish lady excited a long murmur of enthusiastic admiration; the ladies were delighted with her costume, the men admired her grace and beauty. She was dressed in a robe of lilac coloured crape, the waist of which was pointed in front, having a girdle of pearls; her short sleeves were looped upon the shoulder with bows of satin ribband, light as the wings of a butterfly, leaving exposed her ivory arms, which seemed to have been moulded in the same form with those of the Venus de Medici; the diamonds, and rubies which formed her necklace, were eclipsed by the brilliancy of her eyes and lips; her beautiful hair, braided to form a crown, was ornamented with flowers of the rose coloured acacia, and fell from each temple in rich tresses, light as the feathers of the humming bird. There was a taste and elegance in every minutiae of her attire which ravished every eye. The moment that the countess appeared, she was by common acclamation proclaimed queen of the Fête, with-

out even a rival, amongst the admiring crowd.

Count Fabiano and his friend Octavian d'Oropeza, followed closely the steps of the countess, affecting to be of her party; when she sat down, they seated themselves at a little distance upon velvet cushions, placed upon a gun carriage, which had been arranged as an ottoman; they did not wish to irritate the Marquis Viani, by approaching too closely, for his power in Genoa might have proved inconvenient to them.

"Octavian," said Fabiano, "no one can hear us now; these twenty-four pounders, although they have mouths, have no ears, and the noise of the music and the dancing will prevent our conversation being overheard. Listen, Octavian—I have made a discovery; that old inquisitor is in love with the beautiful countess.

"I fear so," replied Octavian, "though I do not believe it."

"And I, on the contrary believe it without fearing it. This old marquis was as devout as a pillar of San Lorenzo; he used to bow his head before a woman, according to the precepts given by St. Paul to the Corinthians. He was always perfumed with incense and yellow wax; he has been canonized as a saint, even during his life time in Genoa; and now all of a sudden, he is smitten with the pomps and vanities of the world; he frequents the theatres, and goes to balls; he constitutes himself the *cavalier servente* of a young and lovely woman; he has become very particular in his dress, he puts a laughing mask over his monk-like face, he walks on his toes, and finally, he, who generally could speak in no other language than Latin, and chant only of the psalms of David, I heard him just now, cooing into the ears of the divine Countess, that verse of Petrarch."

"*Benedetta sia il giorno, il mese, e l'anno! etc.*

Therefore it is plain, Octavian, that this old inquisitor is over head and ears in love. What do you say to it now?"

"Now, I both believe and fear it. He is the most dangerous of all rivals."

"Not a whit more dangerous than another, Octavian."

"He! why he can drive us out of Genoa by a single scratch of his pen, or by even holding up his finger."

"Bah! if he is a Genoese, I am a Sicilian; if he is a cat, I am a tiger. We will see who is the most cunning; with my talons, I do not fear his claws. Only observe the charming air of thoughtlessness and gaiety which I assume, when Hortensia speaks to me—mark with what address, when Viani is present, I suppress every expression of tenderness, and adopt the smile of indifference. I defy this inquisitor with his lynx eyes, to catch even a muscle of my face in default. That man says but little, but your silent people have always some particular hobby, upon which they will talk for ever. I will discover the hobby of the Marquis Viani—but, what is the matter with you Octavian?—you do not listen to me—what is it that you are examining with such fearful attention?"

"I am looking at that young man, who is conversing with Viani and our lovely countess. Do you know that young man, Fabiano?"

"No—he looks like a foreigner."

"I know him well; he is a Frenchman; it is the Count Anatole de Mersanes."

"He is as pale as a sybil, and as mournful as a cypress."

"And with good reason, Fabiano; I should like to know whether you would retain your complexion and your gaiety, after such an accident as happened to him at Sorrento."

"Why, what accident did he meet with?"

"He died there last year, that's all!"

"What nurse's story are you telling me Octavian?"

"It is no story; I swear by my honor—"

"I do not believe you; swear by something else."

"Fabiano, I knew this Anatole de Mer-

sanés at Naples; I met him frequently in society there; it is impossible that I should be mistaken. I was present, as a witness, at the reading of his will; he left twenty thousand francs a year, in good Touraine pastures, to an old lady whose name is Virginie Debard. I tried to screw up my courage so far as to marry this woman, for the love of these said twenty thousand francs per annum; I made love to her for three days at Montbazou, in the very house, and on the domain left to her by the late Anatole de Mersanes, now here present; but I backed out, being alarmed at the idea of marrying a woman sixty years of age, and whose head was covered with grey hairs."

"Poltroon!"

"I even once accompanied the old lady to the cemetery at Montbazou, where she had, in gratitude, erected a pyramid in miniature, bearing this inscription, '*To the memory of the Count Anatole de Mersanes, who died at Sorrento, on the 11th June, 1831.—May he rest in peace!*' Is not all that perfectly clear?"

"Very clear, indeed, my good friend Octavian d'Oropeza; only you may, perhaps, be deceived as to the identity of the person; yet, upon looking at him more attentively, that young man has an air which is not altogether human. See, he is now leaning towards the sea with all the grace of a weeping willow. Octavian, as you were acquainted with him at Naples, go and renew your acquaintance with him here; it is not every day that you can have the opportunity of chatting with a dead man at a ball."

"I have not the slightest objection; follow me, then."

The young men walked up to the group formed by the Countess Hortensia, Anatole de Mersanes, the Marquis Viani, and Captain Hamilton; Octavian placed himself quietly before de Mersanes, and holding out his hand to him said, "I believe I do not deceive myself—it is really to the Count Anatole de Mersanes that I have the honor of speaking?"

The young count fixed his penetrating eyes upon Octavian, and then slowly and with evident repugnance, gave him his hand, bowing affirmatively to his question.

"Do you not remember me?" said Octavian d'Oropeza?"

Anatole first cast his eyes upon the deck, then raised them to the stars, rubbed his forehead, pensively, and exclaimed, "The name is altogether unknown to me."

"Well," retorted Octavian laughingly, "it is of very little consequence; one meets so many foreigners in Italy, that it would be requisite to keep a memorandum book expressly, in one compartment of the brain, if one would remember them all. I have, however, a duty to fulfil towards you, count, and that is to present to you the kind remembrances of Madame Virginie Debard of Montbazou."

Anatole de Mersanes maintained the most perfect composure; he bowed very politely as if to thank him, but said not a word.

The orchestra struck up the prelude to a quadrille. Count Anatole presented his hand to the lovely foreigner and conducted her to her place in the dance.

Fabiano and Octavian remained alone.

"That is really my dead man" said Octavian, "I thought I should never have seen him again until we met in the Valley of Jehosaphat."

"I am in high luck," said Fabiano, "this alone was wanting—to have a rival come express from the other world!"

"The lovely countess has walked thro' some cemetery, and has raised a dead man to life."

"She is perfectly capable of working such a miracle. What a rival you have discovered for me, my dear Octavian!"

"Bah! we can crush him as easily as the rest, Fabiano?"

"Braggart, that thou art! teach me the secret of how to kill the dead!"

Captain Hamilton was leaning upon the capstern talking with the Marquis Viani, at some distance from the quadrille in

which the Countess was dancing with M. de Mersanes.

Fabiano was making his observations, but with that apparent carelessness which would lead others to suppose that he was perfectly indifferent to every thing that was passing. A tent had been formed upon the deck to protect the dancers from the evening dews. Immediately behind the place where M. de Mersanes and his partner were standing, it was drawn vertically down and fastened to the mizen chain wales. Fabiano went down into the 'tween decks, with the air of a person who, being tired, wishes to seat himself quietly at a distance from the crowd; and getting out at one of the port-holes, he climbed over the quarter nettings with the agility of a cat. He very soon got close behind the countess, from whom he was then separated only by a thin piece of carpetting. In this position he could, with much facility, listen to the conversation which was brokenly carried on during the intervals of the dance.

"Yes, madam, said Anatole, since I first saw you at Villa-Pamphili, under the high fir trees in the meadow, and afterwards, before the railings of the choir of St. Peter's, one Ash-Wednesday, I have hoped that I should never again have the happiness of seeing you?"

"What you have said to me, is perfectly charming," replied the countess laughing very heartily "you will make me quite an admirer of French gallantry."

"How happy must you be madam, possessing such an exhaustless fund of gaiety, and smiles which are always ready to beam forth!"

"Ah! sir, melancholy faces have disgusted me with sorrow. A person is so ugly when sorrowful; at a ball one must be handsome or no one would ask you to dance—mind your vis-a-vis count,—after the figure."

"Pardon me, madam, the indiscretion I am about to commit;—do you intend remaining long in Genoa?"

"Probably. I like this city much. My

mother was a Genoese and she adored her country. We ought always to love what our mother has loved."

"You did not remain long in Rome?"

"Oh! do not speak of Rome! It is a cemetery and a nest for lizards; it is a city that no one can live in, except indeed one was made Pope. What a frightful place! every thing is old, every thing is black. The monuments give you their wrinkles. The dingy colors of the walls are reflected upon one's forehead and there they remain indelibly. Not even the shadow of a ball! The only dancers there are the statues in *bas relief* upon the walls. One must be a Bacchante, with a thyrsus in one's hand to figure in a ball at the Vatican. In heaven's name, do not speak to me of Rome!"

"You would make ruins gay, madam, and enliven even a tomb. You have raised a smile on my brow; I wish that I could keep it there, because it came from you."

"What satisfaction can you find sir, in the desolating life you are leading in Italy? I saw you at Villa Pamphili, you were counting the leaves of the water-lilies in the ponds there. I saw you at St. Peter's: you were stuck up against a pilaster, looking like Jeremiah meditating his lamentations on Good Friday. I meet you again at a ball, and you are still lamenting, although the Orchestra is playing a dance from the *Cenerentola*."

"Ah madam! did you but know!—

"Well! inform me, and I shall know."

"What,—now! at this moment! It would be impossible, madam, I should hardly have time to say three words."

"Well, sir, a great deal may be said in three words, particularly if they are well chosen."

"If I did not fear to offend you, madam, the choice would soon be made. All that comes from the heart, whether addressed to the divinity or to a woman, may be concentrated in three words."

"I have not time to solve enigmas, sir; dancing kills reflection."

"May I hope, madam, to see you again?"

"Upon one condition."

"Pray name it."

"On the condition that you will leave at the door of my drawing-room, the melancholy which disfigured you at Villa Panphili, on Ash-Wednesday, and at the ball on board the Cambrian; upon condition also, that you conduct yourself like other young men of your country. Do you accept my terms?"

"I will wear a mask to please you, madam."

"I hate all masks—I like faces only."

"Well then, madam, I will put a face over my mask."

"That is very well! that is something which already sounds like pleasantry. You will improve. I shall, moreover, be pleased to receive you at the Palazzo Braschi, the residence of my noble aunt. It is the abode of gaiety and pleasure. You will find friends there. You will become intimate with the Count Fabiano Val di Nota, a charming nobleman, educated at Paris—an amiable rattle-pate, who will inspire you with gaiety in spite of yourself. He has never visited us yet, but I will get my aunt to invite him for our first ball. To tell you the truth, count, I take a lively interest in you, because you are a Frenchman, and I do not like to see you thus a prey to chagrin. Heavens! what must your melancholy be when you are quite alone, since you are as gloomy as Dante, in the midst of a ball!"

"I feel very grateful, madam, for the interest you are pleased to evince for me. Happy Count Fabiano Val di Nota! he inspires you with other sentiments than those of common compassion, which you accord with such touching generosity to suffering humanity! Happy are those gay young butterflies, whose light wit can raise a smile upon your heavenly face. For myself, I have received from heaven one of those unhappy dispositions, which provoke ill fortune, by cherishing causeless griefs; and which afterwards enjoy with

atrocious voluptuousness, the evils which befall them, as they justify their melancholy forebodings. You will now clearly be able to judge madam, whether I shall be able to put on a disguise, and present myself in your society with the title of second jester. I prefer rather to show myself to you as I am. If you require a dark cloud to dim the celestial azure of your atmosphere, I shall be happy to be received at your house, and to be present at your festivities, like the coffin which the Egyptians always introduced at their joyous meetings."

"Ah Sir!" said the countess, giving a light tap with her fan on the count's arm, "now you are going too far! I must stop you! you portray yourself in colors altogether too black. We are at a ball, and not at the Campo Santo. If you continue in this strain, we shall both be weeping presently to music; are you not ashamed at your age, to be talking like an old man of eighty?"

"Listen but one moment, madam—"

"We are left here quite alone, have the goodness to give me your arm, and reconduct me to my seat."

Captain Hamilton, the Marquis Viani, and Octavian d'Oropeza, appeared to be waiting the termination of the quadrille, near the divan appropriated to the Countess Hortensia. Hamilton was relating his campaigns against the Pirates of the Archipelago, but his two auditors lent but a constrained attention to his recital,—they seemed to be both anxiously following the movements of the Count Anatole and his lovely partner.

"There never was any thing so brilliant as your ball, Capt. Hamilton," said the countess, resuming her seat upon the sofa, "all the beau monde of Genoa is assembled on board your ship, and if you would order your anchor to be weighed, we might continue our dance upon the Mediterranean until next winter."

"There is nothing I would not do to oblige you, countess," replied the captain.

"The countess loves dancing to distraction," remarked the Marquis Viani.

"To distraction!" rejoined the countess; "the marquis well knows my taste. Life ought to be a continued ball. At a dance, every misfortune is forgotten: the sounds of music and the noise of merry feet, produce a most delicious giddiness of feeling; a ball produces the inebriating effects of a banquet. A new and better world appears to open upon us; the delirium of others seems to influence our own sensations."

"I am come to remind the countess, that life is a perpetual ball—until to-morrow," said the Count Fabiano, "and I will also add, that I have the honor to be her partner, after the first scrape of the leader's fiddle-stick."

"Marquis Viani," said the countess rising, "I consign to your charge my fan and my bouquet, and you will answer for them with your head!—therefore be careful of them."

"Madam," said Fabiano, while leading the countess to her place in the quadrille, "I have to announce to you, the most disastrous intelligence; you are the object of a dire conspiracy. Every officer of the Cambrian, from the youngest Midshipman to the Post Captain, has vowed to have you for his partner in the dance."

"Well, Count Val di Nota, I will dance with them all."

"Twenty-seven quadrilles, madam?"

"So much the better."

"And with English dancers?"

"I have danced with Germans, and that is much more astounding."

"This is truly Polish courage, madam, I cannot but admire you. You will not be able to escape, either, from an engagement with the Marquis Viani."

"Oh! the Marquis Viani has given in his resignation as a dancer."

"What a tedious man he is! It is quite alarming to think that he is condemned to pass the remainder of his life alone! What an easy thing it would be for him to die!"

"He has an excellent heart, Count Fabiano."

"I know nothing of his heart, madam."

"But you are well acquainted with his wit?"

"As well as one can be, with an absent thing."

"Count Fabiano, you are inventing calumnies,"

"No, madam, I have only the courage to utter the thoughts of cowards, who do not dare to give utterance to them."

"Count Fabiano, we are now under the protection of the British Flag—do not let us abuse the liberty we enjoy."

"To please you, madam, I will even adore the Marquis Viani.—What think you of the ball, madam?"

"It is magnificent."

"The only things wanting here, are pretty women, good dancers, and elegant costumes."

"Oh! you are dreadfully unjust!"

"All my Genoese antipathies are here assembled."—He then continued in a style of railery to say something bitter against every lady present; the countess stopping him, observed—

"Count Fabiano, as you have passed nearly all the ladies in review, I should be glad to know what you would say of me?"

"I would say, madam, that he who does not adore you, is an atheist to love; that the golden saloon of the palazzo Serra, is not worthy to receive your footsteps; that the palazzo Doria becomes a cottage, when you humiliate it by one ray from your bright eyes; that all the melodies of Rossini, are not worth one sound of your sweet voice; that the brilliancy of an Italian sun is but dark night, when compared with your resplendent beauty. I say that the man who succeeds in gaining your heart, would be too happy, even if condemned to the torments of the infernal regions as a compensation; and that I tremblingly await to receive from your own lips, the happy edict which should condemn me to them."

"Ah! you would say all that?"

These words were uttered with such

studied raillery, that they completely petrified Fabiano.

The Sicilian was obliged to attend for a few instants to the quadrille, and upon resuming his place by the side of his partner, he said slowly, and uttering each word with particular emphasis.

"And now, madam, what say you?"

"I, Sir—I say that it is not my wish to pass sentence on any one."

"Not even on me?"

"On no one, sir."

"You, of course, except the Marquis Viani?"

"Ah! this is sheer calumny, Count Fabiano. The Marquis Viani stands in the place of a father to me. He is a friend and protector—his kindness has no bounds; you see he even passes a whole night at a ball to serve me."

"I know Viani thoroughly; when he has rendered a service, he holds out his hand to be paid for it."

"Count Fabiano, you can no longer utter your calumnies—the orchestra has ceased playing; you would have no accompaniment."

"Permit me, madam, to accompany you to your twenty-four pounder divan, Battery No. 1." After leading the countess to her seat, Fabiano took the arm of Octavian and drew him towards the forepart of the ship.

"My friend," exclaimed he, "we are at a ball of demons wearing human masks; that woman is an enigma—she terrifies me! I tremble, even at her shadow, like a school-boy. I have followed her assiduously for two whole months, and have made no further progress than I did on the first day I saw her. The blush of shame is upon my forehead! To please her I have been every thing by turns—devout, sprightly, philosophical, metaphysical, all to no purpose. Only half an hour ago I heard her, from behind yonder tapestry, speaking favorably of me to that phantom de Mersanes; this emboldened me, and I ventured to make a declaration of my love. She annihilated all my hopes

with three words—three words, with which she stabbed me to the heart as with a triangular poniard! I shall go mad! I feel that I love this woman with an ungovernable passion! My Sicilian heart burns as fiercely as the lava of Mount Etna! And now! now" continued Fabiano, "I shall not be able to say another word to her throughout the whole night! She will converse, will dance with every one but me! She has smiles for all her partners. Observe her, Octavian, she does not deign to cast one single look around in search of me—does not even think of me for one single instant. She dances; she is happy, proud, triumphant, adored by all!—joy in her eyes and on her lips!—all that was terrestrial has vanished, she seems to be in heaven."

"Tranquillise yourself, Fabiano," said Octavian, "you need all your presence of mind. My eyes are not veiled as yours are—I see clearly, though 'tis night. Compose yourself, Fabiano."

"I am calm, Octavian; calm as this hypocritical sea before the tempest! I see all that you see."

"No, Fabiano, no! You do not see the spectre who stands, immoveable, before the quadrille in which the Countess is dancing."

"The Count de Mersanes?"

"Yes—there is a rapid interchange of looks between them."

"Octavian, it is impossible!"

"Open your eyes, Fabiano."

"My eyes are open; but there are only shadows before me; I see nought but darkness. Is the ball over, Octavian?"

"Fabiano, it is more brilliant than ever—be more composed—you will betray yourself; be not imprudent, fiery Sicilian! Should the Commandant perceive this furious agitation, he would treat you as a pirate, and order hand-cuffs for you. Besides, Viani has his spies here—should they overhear you, you are lost!"

"She will dance till noon, and with all the squadron, should all the squadron come to invite her! Octavian, I cannot

remain here a moment longer. What a magnificent part I am playing ! to witness the triumph of others, whilst I, myself, am utterly forgotten ! Octavian, you are right ; a glimmering of prudence has revisited me. I will leave you—I have seen enough of this fatal night—I dare not remain longer—I know that there is a volcano of powder on board this vessel, and that I could, with one of those festal torches, fire it, and die like Sardanapalus, with a hundred women on my funeral pile ! Remain here, Octavian ; observe all that passes—I shall expect you at the Villa Bianca ; come to me there immediately after the ball—farewell."

The Count Fabiano walked slowly towards the gangway, but before placing his foot upon the ladder, he turned round once more to look at the Countess Hortensia, who was dancing with Captain Hamilton. A momentary glance, brilliant as the rays of the diamond, flashed from the eyes of the countess upon Fabiano ; he hesitated for a moment, but the countess immediately resumed her air of unconcern, as if she had regretted that she unthinkingly had thrown a look upon him. Fabiano pressed Octavian's hand, and hurried into his boat.

The Countess Hortensia had not, till that moment, missed a single dance from the commencement of the ball.

Octavian therefore observed, with some surprise, for he was watching her every glance, that she refused to dance with three persons in succession. For the first time during the evening, the signal was given from the orchestra, without the countess responding to it—she remained upon her sofa.

Suddenly the persons who were standing near her, remarked that she was seized with a convulsive agitation ; her face became pallid, two large tears fell from her eyes ; a fearful trembling violently shook her whole frame, as if an attack of ague had been brought on by the violent exertions of the evening.

Her aunt, the Marchioness Gesualda Braschi, the Marquis Viani and Count Anatole, expressed the most anxious apprehensions ; but the countess, by a violent effort, had resumed her natural gaiety, and her enchanting smile, before her illness had been observed by many of the dancers. Octavian, however, overheard the following remarks, made by two of the lookers on.

"She has just quarrelled with the Sicilian Count Fabiano."

"He who left the ball ?"

"Yes, after the fourth quadrille."

"Oh ! that accounts for the terrible nervous attack."

"It is a fit of jealousy."

"They will doubtless make it up again."

The orchestra ceased playing ; the musicians rose, and looked over their music stands to ascertain whether the ranks were getting thinner, for they were nearly tired out. The ball was dying away with the first dawn of day. The boats had already carried off a great number of the dancers. The Countess Hortensia, turning to de Mersanes, exclaimed ;—"how is this, sir, the ball is expiring, and you allow it to die without an effort ! this is a sad want of gallantry in our young cavaliers. Come, gentlemen, renew the ball—we must invite the sun to favor our last quadrille with his presence. Count Anatole, I engage you for my partner. Captain Hamilton, send one of your officers to the orchestra, and order your side ladders to be drawn up, to cut off the retreat of all deserters."

And another quadrille was formed by the most intrepid of the lady dancers, and the officers of the Cambrian.

When this was over, the count said to his enchanting partner, "I thank you most sincerely, madam, for the fête which you have given us ; I now feel that I am beginning to live again. Oh ! could I but retain the delightful sensations which I have this night experienced !—could I, like this noble vessel, cast anchor here, and find a haven for my shattered spirit ! Will you

one day return me, madam, what you have robbed me of this night?"

"You forget our conditions," replied the countess, smiling graciously, "you cannot divest yourself of your serious habits—Do you think we could get up another quadrille?"

"You see, madam, that all the company are leaving."

"Then we must resign ourselves to our fate. Count Anatole allow me to rejoin the Marquis Viani and my aunt; we shall, I hope, soon meet again,—remember—soon!"

Anatole bowed respectfully, but he could not get his lips to pronounce the word adieu; and making a last effort to summon up his courage, before separating, he said,

"I trust," madam, "that you will have no return of your indisposition."

"Oh! it was nothing," replied the countess with a forced smile; "it was merely the chilliness of the sea air which affected me."

"And did that make you weep?"

"What is that you say, sir," said the lady laughingly, "do you pretend to persuade me that I weep at a ball?"

"Two tears I distinctly saw! I still feel them on my cheeks!"

"Indeed!—it appears then that I wept with your eyes—your jests begin rather late, but they amuse me vastly; farewell count. The Marquis Viani is just waking. He has been sleeping on the carriage of a gun, like your Francis the first, at Malignan."

Anatole remained for some time rivetted to the place where the countess had left him; when he looked around him he saw no one on the deck but the captain. All had disappeared—the only remains of the ball were the flowers which now hung drooping and in disorder.

"This is as it should be, Count de Mersanes," said Captain Hamilton, "you nobly sustain the honor of your nation. Like my ancestor, your countryman, you are always the last to leave a ball."

"Captain Hamilton," replied the count, forcing a smile, "I trust that I have thus, more than any other of your guests proved the excellence of your fête!"

"I heartily accept your compliment, but I will give half of it to Lord Maitland, for, if I remember rightly, you were the last to leave his ball in 1831."

"It appears then, that it is a habit with me—Captain Hamilton your station in these seas is a very delightful one—how long will you remain here?"

"In fifteen days I shall fire my parting salute."

The captain conducted de Mersanes to the gangway, where they heartily shook hands and bade each other farewell.

About two hours after sunrise, the boat which took Octavian from the Cambrian, landed him in a small bay, which served as a port to Villa Bianca. Fabiano was awaiting his arrival, and had been anxiously pacing the beach, watching for him. On Octavian's jumping on shore, Fabiano grasped his hand expressively.

"Be comforted," said Octavian, "your success is doubtless."

"Tell me the truth, the whole truth," eagerly exclaimed Fabiano, "I would rather hear the truth, though it should destroy me, than a lie which would give me delusive hopes."

"That woman loves you, Fabiano."

"Did she tell you so?"

"Not exactly,—but there is a silence which is eloquence itself, and mute actions which speak plainly."

"Tell me the facts, Octavian—no idle words!"

"Listen then—this woman was completely overwhelmed with despair at your departure. It will be the talk of the whole city to-day. At the ball nothing was spoken of but you and the countess;—she had a most frightful nervous attack, and afterwards tried to pass it off as a slight indisposition; but it was too late; every person present was in possession of her secret."

"Do not flatter me, Octavian."

"Rely upon my veracity. For a long

time she thought that you would return, and prolonged the ball, even till after the sun had risen. Your lovely countess did not leave the ship, until every musician had gone on shore; she was continually looking for the return of your boat."

"Did she dance throughout the whole night?"

"Waiting for you Fabiano; that was evident to all. She would have danced the whole day also, had she but perceived your boat lying to. Oh! had you but seen her this morning, her dress disordered, her hair dishevelled, her shoes in ribbands, her gloves torn, her bracelets hanging from her wrists;—had you but seen her in that adorable disorder, which plainly expressed the delirium she had suffered during the night, you would have fallen at her feet—you would have died from excess of love, Fabiano!"

"And—the other? did he see her thus?"

"Who? Anatole de Mersanes? He remained fixed as a statue of despair, within twenty feet of her, during the whole night."

"My ideas are dreadfully confused, Octavian—you spoke to me rather jestingly, yesterday, about this Anatole—it was a strange story that you told me—but let me hear it again. As this man has crossed my path, I must know every thing concerning him."

"I can only repeat what I have already told you; Anatole de Mersanes died at Sorrento; I was present at the reading of his will, and I was on the point of marrying his sole heiress at Montbazou. Do I explain myself clearly?"

"How did Viani conduct himself during all this?"

"The poor old man! he laid down upon the deck and slept."

"A thought has struck me, Octavian—you are well acquainted with the lady who is the third singer at the Carlo Felice."

"The Signora Tadolina; she who speaks French like a Parisian? I knew her at Naples; she arrived at Genoa yesterday."

"The very same.—She is a woman who can play all parts to perfection, provided

she be well paid for it. Does she sing to-night in *Otello*?"

"No—Franceschini makes her debut in *Desdemona*. La Tadolina has not played here yet."

"Nor shall she—I will engage her—I will give her three times the sum she would have received from the manager, and I will pay the penalty she incurs in breaking her engagement. We are about to play a semi-serious opera, but without audience. La Tadolina must remain shut up in her house, until I can select one for her in the suburbs of the city."

"Lend me your cabriolet, and I will go to her instantly. This sort of thing enchants me."

"Stay a moment, Octavian—For the last three weeks I have observed that every Monday, at two o'clock, a loutish running footman comes out of the palazzo Braschi, where the countess lives, to take a letter to the post. You know that the post-office is situated in an obscure quarter, behind the theatre; the letter box is placed under an arcade which is as solitary as the ruins of Thebes. The other day I took the dimensions of this box, and I have made a case of sheet lead which fits the opening. You will play the sentinel under the arcades of the post-office, and when you see the servant, whom you will know by his green livery, coming towards the office, you will slip the case into the aperture and withdraw it as soon as the countess's letter is thrown into it, and the valet has disappeared. Do you understand me?"

"It is clear as the noon day."

"One thing more, Octavian—do not fail to go to the eleven o'clock mass, at the church of San Lorenzo, and kneel down, devoutly, near the Marquis Viani's pew; he is always there at that hour, and this act will give him a high opinion of your piety, which may be useful hereafter. I have no farther instructions for you now, but meet me at the theatre, an hour before the rising of the curtain."

"I fully understand you."

"My principle of action, in all the dramas that I play, is to go straight to the *denouement*. The raging fire of a conflagration, the rapid thunderbolt, and the overwhelming deluge, should be our models, for they repose not till after the catastrophe is accomplished."

At precisely seven o'clock, Octavian met the Count Fabiano, as had been appointed.

"I have fulfilled all your instructions," said he to Fabiano, "and have succeeded in every thing.—Here is the letter."

"It is her writing! Octavian, I feel that I am not altogether perverted—my hand trembles while breaking the seal."

"Courage, Fabiano, 'tis but a little sealing wax."

"I feel remorse, even before committing the crime."

"That will dispense you from feeling any afterwards."

"Peace, thou tempting demon! In tearing open this letter, it seems to me that I am tearing the heart of that lovely woman, and that I am imbruing my hands in her blood—but it must be read. Let me see—it is addressed to general D—at Paris."

"GENERAL."

"Still no intelligence! not a word—how afflicting is this suspense."

"I have made a pilgrimage to our lady of Loreto, and I quitted that holy chapel with a glimmering of hope."

"I have visited Rome. I prayed upon the tomb of St. Peter, and it appeared that a voice said to me, 'put thy trust in God,' and hope once more revisited my heart."

"I trust in you also my venerable friend; my life hangs upon the letters I receive from you. May your kind friendship still urge you to exertion! Persevere!!!"

"I will go to Paris, expressly to see you, during the next summer; my aunt will keep me here a month, or six weeks longer."

"Should you have occasion to write to my glorious friend the Countess Plater, pray remember me to her."

Your very affectionate

C. H. de R."

"Well!" said Fabiano, "what think you of this letter?"

"It was hardly worth while to commit so great a crime for such a trifle. The

countess has wished to do penance for her sins of yesterday, and she has written these lachrymose lines before getting out of bed. The letter is altogether useless."

"Octavian, you must take it back to the post office; Monday's post will bring us something more certain and more capable of being understood—these lines signify absolutely nothing."

"Give me your letter Fabiano; I will seal it in such a way that no one shall perceive it has been opened—that it is a part of my profession."

The Countess Hortensia lived the whole of the ensuing week in complete seclusion. Count Fabiano had several times called at the Casa Braschi, but was always told that the countess was rather indisposed and did not receive visitors. Fabiano, however, had great reason to believe that Anatole de Mersanes and the Marquis Viani continued their visits, and were admitted. One evening, at nightfall, he was prowling before the Casa Braschi, examining the windows of the countess's apartment, and he now and then perceived the shadows of men on the window curtains. Devoured by feverish impatience, Fabiano awaited the coming out of these mysterious persons, but the door was not opened. Hour after hour passed on; the clock of St. Carlos struck twelve, but it did not appear to remind these obstinate visitors that it was time to take leave of the countess. One by one, the lights in the house were gradually extinguished, and complete darkness ensued; the count heard the distant grating of a door and then all was silent, excepting the continued splashing of the fountain, falling into its marble reservoir, in the centre of the garden.

A thousand visions, excited by the demon of jealousy, succeeded each other, in the heated imagination of the count, during this lengthened watch. When he returned to his own house, the dawn was throwing its light upon the Palazzo Doria, and seemed to animate the marble lions upon the balustrade of its portico.

Although Fabiano was a man of the

most violent temper, he was so organised that by the exercise of his iron will, he could, upon any emergency, suddenly master the whirlwind of his passions, and sit down calmly to combine his operations.— Upon this occasion he pondered over the surest methods of ascertaining who were the secret visitors of the countess, being convinced it was through their influence that he was excluded from her presence; and before retiring to rest, he had matured a plan by which he would not only discover the names of these insidious enemies, but also secure an interview with the lady herself.

Fabiano had attentively studied the countenance of Antonini, the running footman of the Palazzo Braschi; he was one of those servants, frequently picked up in the streets, from sheer compassion, by Italian ladies, who give them a handsome livery in exchange for the filthy rags that covered them, and whose benevolence is often requited by base ingratitude. This Antonini, when sent out upon any errand by his mistress, would saunter along the streets, and stop at every crowd which accident had collected; the slightest incident was sufficient to delay him; the cockle shells in the hat of a pilgrim—the wallet of a begging friar—a procession of monks—a porter singing in the sunshine—a group of sailors playing at *mora*—a painter daubing a sign, all were objects for his gaping curiosity; every thing excited his attention, excepting the message he was sent upon.

The demeanor of this man had convinced Fabiano that he was one who would, for a sufficient bribe, betray his employer. He accordingly accosted him one day in the street. “Come here, friend,” said he, “do you know the church of *Nostra Signora di Remedio*?”—“Yes, sir,” replied Antonini, “it is the first church to the right, after you pass the theatre.” “Very well,” rejoined Fabiano, “you must go there for me; you will ask for the priest who is on duty, give him this gold piece, a hundred francs, and request him to light up fifty tapers before the altar.”

Antonini looked at Fabiano, and then at the money with a wondering eye, but mechanically held out his hand, with the air of a man who conceives he is about to be tricked, but with a cunning and intelligent smile upon his countenance.

“Take the money then,” said Fabiano, “and do as I have told you—I will wait for you under the colonnade of the theatre, and you shall be well rewarded for your trouble.—Away.”

The man was sorely tempted: the large piece of gold was burning in his palm; it would be so easy to say that he had given it to the priest, and so easy to slip it into his own pocket. However, he faithfully executed his commission. Antonini returned to Fabiano, and told him that “the priest thanked him for the money, and that God would one day repay it to him; these are the words I was desired to report to you.”

“There are ten crowns for you,” said Fabiano, “it is to fulfil a vow—but you cannot comprehend that—to-morrow you shall carry the same sum to the church of Carignan, and you shall have the same reward. Do not speak of it to any one. Meet me, to-morrow morning, at ten o’clock, upon the bridge.”

“At ten o’clock, my lord—but my mistress may want me at that hour—she generally does.”

“You must manage to slip out.”

“And should I be discharged for it.”

“I will take you into my service—do you know me?”

“I think I once saw your excellency upon the staircase of our house—I am not, however, quite sure of it.”

“You have never seen me before—I only arrived from Milan this morning. What wages do you get in your present place.”

“Fifty *Francesconi*.”

“I will give you a hundred—take this large gold piece as earnest-money—take it. What is the name of your master?”

“I serve a rich widow lady, the Countess Hortensia.”

“Does she receive much company?”

“The countess visits frequently, but

does not receive much company at home."

"The Countess Hortensia! yes, the very name. I met a noble foreigner at the hotel this morning, who told me he had spent the two last evenings at her house."

"Your excellency must be mistaken—the only person who has visited the countess is the Marquis Viani—he is her friend—it is true, indeed, sir—they say he is about to marry her."

"Indeed! and, in the meantime, he spends his evenings with her? Does he stay late?"

"Generally till eleven o'clock, and then I let him out at the back garden gate—the gardens of the Casa Braschi and the marquis's house join each other."

"Do you know why I ask you all these questions? It is merely to ascertain whe-

ther you are intelligent and can express yourself properly—whether you are fit to be taken into my service—

"Am I to meet your excellency to-morrow, on the bridge?"

"No, no! not to-morrow—some other day—remember one thing only—whenever you see me raise my hand above my head, that hand has gold in it for you. Your business is to receive, and not to reflect."

"I shall understand my business thoroughly."

The Count Fabiano gave a look, which seemed to penetrate the very soul of Antonini—the man bowed with respect and fear.—There is nothing that fascinates servile minds, so much as decision of character and generosity.

(*To be continued.*)

TRANSITIONS OF FEELING.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

A sudden gloom came o'er me,
A gathering throng of fears
Enshrouded all before me,
And, through the mist of tears,
I saw the coming years!

Tis strange how transient sorrow
The mental sight deludes:
To-day the world is dark—to-morrow
No saddening shade intrudes,
To tinge our brighter moods.

I heard the low winds sighing
Above the cheerless earth,
And deemed the hope of dying
Was all that life was worth,
And scoff'd at human mirth.

From that wild dream awaking,
And through the clouds of care
My spirit's sunshine breaking,—
I marvell'd how despair
Could haunt a world so fair.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

We met in the morning of youth,
With the young and the happy I found thee;
Thou wert gay—but the fervor of truth
Like a halo was shining around thee;
How I gaz'd on thy soulthrilling glance,
As in triumph I led thee along.
The fairest, the brightest of all in the dance,
The sweetest of all in the song.
Thy smiles have all faded away,
The joys of thy bosom are clouded.
And that cheek, once so blooming and gay,
With the dark veil of sorrow is shrouded;
Yet more lovely thou seem'st to me now,
Than even when mirth sparkled high,
And more dear than the light which then stream'd from thy brow,
Are the tears that now flow from thine eye.

THE NAMESAKE.

BY BON GAULTIER.

WHY was I called Brown,—why John Brown? The cruelty of custom! to fasten upon me such an every-day sort of name, solely because my ancestors had borne it contentedly for years. If it had only been Alfred Brown, or Frederick, or even Edward, the thing might have passed; but John Brown! There is no getting over the common-place of the cognomen. John Brown is every body, any body, nobody. Any one John Brown is quite as good as another: he belongs to a class so numerous, that it is in vain to attempt to individualise your conceptions of them. Had ever any man a distinct idea of a John Brown? No! There are at least some fifty of his acquaintances who bear the name, and these are all jumbled together in his mind in one vague and undefined chaos,—

“A mighty maze, and all without a plan.”

We are the nobodies of society.

“John, my boy,” said my father to me one day,—“John, my boy, we are a pair of miserable selfish dogs, living here, a brace of batchelors, upon the fat of the land, with not a bit of womankind about us. This sort of thing will never do. One or other of us must get married, that’s plain. I’m a thought too old for it; besides that my regard for your poor dear mother will hardly allow me; so, John, my boy, the lot falls on you. What say you to the plan?”

“Oh, I’m perfectly agreeable, if you wish it; indeed, I rather like the plan than otherwise.”

“Indeed, you rather like the plan than otherwise! You apathetic puppy, you should go into raptures about it. You don’t know what a splendid thing it makes life, to have a fine, affectionate, gentle-hearted creature for the wife of your bosom—

‘The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock’d up in woman’s love.’

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The old boy who wrote that knew what was what.”

“Well, well, father, I bow to your experience; and, since you wish it, shall look out for a better half forthwith. But, perhaps, you can give me a hint where to direct my search?” I continued, seeing, from the old gentleman’s looks, that he had some project on his mind, which he was bursting to unburden it of.

“I think I can, indeed. A splendid girl!”

“No! Who is she?”

“Oh, I have tickled your curiosity, have I? It would serve you right, you cold-blooded rascal, not to tell you”

“Nay, but——”

“Well, well, I’ll be merciful. So, then, what say you to the daughter of my very worthy friend David Smith, of Edinburgh?”

“Smith!” I exclaimed in dismay, thinking of the unhappy conjunction of the uncommon names of Brown and Smith.

“Yes, Sir, Miss Smith,—Miss Julia Smith. Have you any objections to the lady, you puppy, that you stand staring that way?”

Julia Smith! The Julia did certainly set off the surname a little. It was not so bad, after all. “Objections, sir? none in the world. How could I, when the lady may be as beautiful as day, and as amiable as Mrs. Chapone, for anything I know?”

“None of your sneering, you impudent dog, or I’ll knock you down. The girl is only too good for you every way. If you have’n’t seen her, I have, and that’s enough. But there is no time to be lost. I warrant me, there are lots of young fellows ready to throw themselves at her feet, and you may be cut out before you can say Jack Robinson. So, the sooner you see her the better. Smith and myself have talked over the matter together. He is anxious

for the match, and, therefore, you start with the odds in your favour. I have written him to expect you this week. So, start, my boy; and if you don't carry off the prize, order a new pair of garters, and hang yourself in them upon a day's notice."

Expostulation was out of the question, and I therefore set about the execution of the old gentleman's project without delay. Indeed, it jumped more with my own inclination than I cared to tell him. I was heartily tired of a bachelor's life; and being well to do, at least, if not rich, with the certainty of succeeding to my father's fortune, which was considerable, in perspective—marriage appeared to me to be at once a duty and a pleasure; in short, I had at that moment a favorable predisposition towards the sex in general; and as Miss Julia Smith had been selected as my bride, I was perfectly contented with the arrangement, provided always that the lady came up to my father's description of her, and had herself no objection to the match. I drove to Charing Cross, and was just in time to secure the only sleeping-berth in the Clarence steam-packet that was left untaken. I also engaged a seat in the omnibus for Blackwall, and, directing that I should be taken up at the end of Ludgate Street, I returned home to make the necessary arrangements for my expedition.

Saint Paul's bell was intimating to the public that nine hours and a quarter had elapsed since noon, when, punctual to a minute, up clattered the omnibus. On it rolled, giving no indications of an intention to stop; but, by directing sundry excited gestures towards the conductor of the vehicle, I at length succeeded in getting him to pull up.

"Quite full, sir, out and in," said the cad, in a commiserating tone.

"Full,—the deuce you are? Didn't I book myself for a place."

"Can't say, really. P'raps you did, p'raps not. Ve've got our compliment any way."

"Isn't the name of Brown on your list?"

"Brown?"

"Yes, Mr. Brown—Mr. John Brown."

"Vell, vot of it! Ve've got two Browns in the buss, von on 'em a Mr. John Brown; took him up at Vellington street, Strand. More *browns* than *guineas* goin' vith us any day, I b'lieve you. Drive on, Bill, time's up?" and away dashed the omnibus, leaving me at the mercy of a dozen or two cab-drivers, who by this time had seen my predicament, and had each deposited me in imagination in his own break-neck conveyance. In a moment of desperation, I consigned myself to the management of one of these gentlemen, and, shutting my eyes to danger, allowed him to drive me in his own reckless and fanciful manner to the wharf at Blackwall. I was just in time, and no more; which had merely the effect of enabling the cab-driver to charge me about five times as much as he was entitled to,—knowing well that I was not likely to stay behind to call him to account. Having seen my portmanteaus safely deposited on deck, I proceeded to reconnoitre my sleeping berth. I had been extremely fortunate in my selection; it was an upper berth, nearly amidships; and, congratulating myself on the "snug lying" I was likely to have during the voyage, I made my way to the cabin. The vessel was crowded to inconvenience; every seat was occupied, and every man seemd to be vying with his neighbor in the consumption of cold beef, ham, ship-biscuit, mustard, Jamaica pickles, porter, and brandy and water. The heat was intolerable, and I went on deck to refresh myself with the cool breeze that played across the water, and there I sat watching the vessels that glided past us like so many ghosts, as we decended the Thames, till all the other passengers had retired to rest.

Cold and wearied, I made my way down stairs, through avenues of sleepers distributed over every couch that could be made to do duty for a bed—a duty which, if anything might be augured from the groans of dissatisfaction that rose up here and there through the room, they did very ill.

"Poor devils!" I said to myself, letting off a little of that superfluous sympathy which costs a man nothing, but is very comfortable to the conscience, nevertheless. Having with some difficulty gained the sleeping cabin, I proceeded to undress by the dim light of a lamp that was fighting desperately against a predisposition to go out, and had begun to scramble into my berth, when hark! A snore? No, it could not be! Another, a distinct, and most unmistakable snore! I peered forward into the gloom; and, judge of my dismay, when, protruding from the bed-clothes, I beheld a head fringed with jet-black whiskers, and surrounded by a night-cap, the proprietor of which, undisturbed by my approach, continued to dose away like a dormouse. Here was a pretty position to be in,—to be standing, undressed, at three in the morning, in the sleeping-cabin of a steamboat, shut out of my berth, and not a corner to take refuge in any where! It would have provoked a saint, and yet I could not think of rousing the usurper of my bed, and turning him out by a process of summary ejection. There might be some mistake; but, then, No. 32, that certainly was my berth. I looked at my ticket, to make sure. Yes, there it was, No. 32. Something must be done, however; for I was growing chiller and chiller, and my teeth began to chatter like a fulling-mill. I whipped on part of my clothes, and, with my feet thrust into a stray pair of slippers, felt my way through the cabin to the sanctum of the steward, to whom I detailed the hardships of my case. He turned up his book, and there, certainly, opposite No. 32, stood the name of Mr. John Brown. "That's me!" I exclaimed, triumphantly, pointing to the place; when my eyes, glancing along the page, alighted upon a succession of Mr. Browns, and near the bottom, among the "waifs" who had no berths provided for them, but were to take their chance of a sleeping-place any where, stood the name of a Mr. John Brown, at full length.

"I see how it is, sir; this Mr. Brown

has got into your bed by mistake," said the purveyor of victuals. "We must see what we can do for you."

Saying this, he accompanied me below, where he commenced a sort of custom-house inspection of the intruder's travelling gear. "Just as I said, sir; there it is, Mr. John Brown!" he exclaimed, pointing to a brass plate upon a portmanteau bearing that interesting inscription.—Confound the fellow! I could have sworn it was the same person that cut me out of my seat in the omnibus. It was provoking to a degree. But I was always conspicuous for good-nature, and even here it got the better of my wrath. He might have done it quite innocently; and, upon reflection, how horribly uncomfortable it would be for him to be turned out of a warm bed in the middle of his first sleep, I told the steward, if he could stow me away any where for the night, I shouldn't mind.

There was a place that had apparently been at one time intended for a berth,—a cramped, dark, mouldy sort of hole, where all the dirty table-cloths and towels were crammed; and this, it appeared, might be turned into a receptacle for my wearied limbs. It was better than none, at all events; and, accordingly, after the "filthy dowlas" had been routed out, and a mattress and its appendages tumbled in, I followed the example of the latter articles, and deposited my person in the aperture. Such a hole did never man confide himself to, except with a view to suicide.—Falstaff in the buck-basket inhaled not more unsavoury perfumes; Prometheus chained to the rock had a resting place as soft. Any thing like sleep was out of the question. Every roll of the vessel transfixed my person upon some acute angle, of which there were countless numbers, formed, heaven and the ship's carpenter alone knew how; and just as I would be going off into a dose, roll went the vessel, and bang went my hips against an obtrusive angle of my bed, in a way that left me groaning for the next half hour.

Snore—snore, went all the noses in the place, with a demoniac purpose to taunt my sleepless wretchedness. I distinctly heard that fellow Brown. There was a sort of gurgle in his note; he was chuckling in his sleep at my discomfort. The impulse to rise and strangle him was upon me more than once; indeed, how I restrained myself is to this moment a mystery to me.

At length day broke, and heads, with nightcaps, began to pop out from behind the curtains, and after looking round with no very definite purpose, popped in again. Some time after, the steward's boy entered the cabin, and husky voices were heard demanding what was the hour and whereabouts the vessel was. It was by this time blowing pretty fresh, but as most of the passengers were as yet nearly as fresh as the breeze, they had the temerity to get up, and, one after another, disappeared up-stairs. At last, my namesake, Mr. John Brown, emerged from his dormitory and proceeded to dress himself. I lay watching the villain with quiet disgust. He was a good-looking man of some eight-and-twenty, with a prominent nose and sharp dark eyes. His florid complexion bespoke him of that comfortable, sanguine temperament which nothing can dash, but which, in all seasons and circumstances, retains an easy and self-satisfied complacency. There was a desperate independence about the man which a nervous person, like myself, would have given worlds to have had a sprinkling of; and, besides all this, he had a look of freshness and vigour natural to one who has had a good night's rest, that to me who had not shut an eye, was sufficiently aggravating. He was one of those people too, the nuisances of steamboats, who take a long hour to fit themselves up for the day, who monopolise the dressing-place, splashing and spluttering, and gobbling in one basin of water after another till the other passengers grow revolutionary and the under-steward shows symptoms of partial delirium. Although the

breakfast-bell had sounded for some time, still did Mr. John Brown keep combing his whiskers, paring his nails, polishing his teeth, and adjusting a thousand *etceteras* about his person, whilst I lay frying with impatience to hear the clatter of cups overhead, and the everlasting calls for herrings and buttered toast. My appetite was growing decidedly wolfish, and yet there stood that detestable namesake of mine, ducking and diving into the basin stand, and swilling his face and neck with oceans of water, as though he were never to be done. There was no hope for me, so I sunk back upon my pillow resigned to my fate. The breeze had continued to freshen, and by the time my tormentor had finished his toilette, it was a matter of perfect indifference to me what he did, provided I was left to the calm indulgence of my misery. The truth is, that I became extremely sick, and after this feeling had gone off, it left a splitting headache behind to keep me company. One by one the inmates of the cabin, that had left it full of buoyancy and animation for the breakfast table, returned pale, with ashy lips and uncertain steps. It was comfort to me to watch the reckless haste with which they tore off their garments and plunged into their berths, where they lay groaning in a manner that would have been pitiable but for its being ludicrous. I had grown utterly callous, and felt a savage pleasure in knowing that there were others as uncomfortable, or nearly so, as myself. The three days that followed were a blank in my existence. Hour succeeded hour and brought with it no relief. It was blowing great guns all the time; and what between the rolling, pitching, and swinging of the vessel, the straining of her timbers, the vibration of the engine, and the howling of the wind, we had about as much torture concentrated into a compact space as any merely human imagination can conceive. But all aquatic, as well as all terrestrial things, even a rough sea voyage, must come to an end, and so did ours, just as our coals

were within a few shovelfull of being done, and sundry wags were beginning to sport forlorn jokes about immolating and cooking the steward for lack of other provisions.

If any thing could have compensated me for the misery I had undergone, it would have been our disembarkation at Newhaven on a bright sunshiny morning. The change which the voyage had produced upon the passengers was miraculous, "a thing to dream of, not to tell." Pride, puppyism, and fine airs, had all vanished, and the whole body were reduced to one common level of helplessness that seemed to say, "You may do with us just as you please," Dandies, with dishevelled hair and disordered attire, drooped over the side of the steamer that carried us ashore, with visages mottled into a variety of tints as numerous as the rainbow's, a purply blue predominating. Blustering town-councillors and arrogant cockneys—fat, apoplectic men—had sunk into their native smallness, and skulked any where. As for the ladies, their plight defies description. Silks and satins crumpled and stained past recovery, bonnets bruised into the most fantastic shapes, parasols in fragments, and bandboxes falling to pieces, were every where to be seen. Cheeks without a bloom, eyes robbed of the lustre that had wooed admiration when we started, and hair without glossiness, straggling unproved across the so lately dazzling brow, left all devotees to the sex to mourn over what Byron calls—

"The beauty of the sick ladies (*Cyclades*)."

But I soon found that I had something else to mourn over that concerned me more nearly, which was the loss of a small portmanteau, containing all my letters and private papers. Hurrying back to the steamer and pouncing upon the cabin-boy, I demanded of him if he had seen it.

"Oh! you mean a square, narrow, brown leather thing?" inquired the urchin, in a voice of hateful indifference.

"Yes, yes, exactly!" replied I.

"With a handle over the top and a brass

plate with the name of Mr. John Brown upon it."

"The very thing!" I exclaimed, in rapture, thinking it was all safe. "And where is it?"

"Oh! sir, the other gentleman's got it."

"The other gentleman! And who the plague is the other gentleman?"

"Mr. John Brown, sir; him as got into your berth, you know. He went ashore when we cast anchor last night, and I remember seeing the steward take it on deck with the gentleman's other things.

Confound that Mr. John Brown? he was doomed to be my annoyance at every turning! He had kept me in hot water ever since I started, and the very first move he makes in Scotland puts me to a non-plus, for in that portmanteau were my letter to old Smith and all my other introductions. It was of no use fretting, however. He surely would never think of appropriating my property. I should hear of it at the steamboat office, no doubt, next day; and in this hope I drove up to the Crown hotel, where, after replenishing the vacancy which the fast of the last three days had occasioned, and putting myself into presentable attire, I called for a directory, to search for the whereabouts of my prospective father-in-law, of which I knew no more than the man in the moon, having trusted to the direction upon my letter for that information. Among the interminable list of Smiths I found, at last, a score of David Smiths. One of these lived in Castle street. "Castle street, that is the place," said I, repeating the name, till I worked myself into the belief that I had heard it mentioned before as the residence of my father's friend. For Castle street, accordingly, I made, and there found the house, which, to my discomfiture, was shut up. The brass-plate was the color of bronze, not having been scourged for weeks, and I was just able to decipher the name of Mr. David Smith upon it. A written placard in one of the windows intimated that letters and parcels were to be left at Mr. McGrugar's, solici-

tor, 103 Queen street, to whose chambers I proceeded to inquire whither Mr. Smith and his daughter had emigrated.

Mr. M'Grugar was not at home, and I was ushered into a room where three of his clerks were seated. A hurried and scuffling sound, as if of desk-lids being slammed down, and of people jumping up upon stools, was heard as I approached the door, and when I entered, the youthful scriveners were driving their quills vehemently across the paper before them, as if they were bent upon making a fortune of threepence a page.

"Mr. M'Grugar is not at home, I believe?" said I.

"No, sir, he is not. He is in Fifeshire at present on business of Lord Chowderhead's. Did you wish to see him particularly?" replied a raffish-looking youngster, with a dirty shirt and a breath that savoured strongly of "half-and-half," who looked altogether very much as if he had not been in bed the night before.

"Oh, no! nothing particular. Perhaps you can tell me what part of the country Mr. Smith of Castle street is gone to?"

"Thompson, do you know where old Smith is just now?" said the youth in the foul linen to another youth with an immense shock of red hair and great owlsh eyes, which he had been staring at me with over the top of the desk ever since I entered.

"Od, I'm thinkin' he'll be some *wye* (way) doon about Ayrshire! He gangs there *files* (at times) in the summer time," returned Thompson, in a strong Banffshire accent.

"Wasn't his last letter dated from Jedburg?" broke in a shabbylooking, smoke-dried piece of humanity, who had hitherto been amusing himself with biting his nails.

"Ah, you're right; so it was," said the first speaker, turning to me once more. "I believe, sir, he is either in Roxburgshire or Ayrshire at present, and any letter addressed to him at either of these places will be sure to find him."

This was definite information with a vengeance. Mr. M'Grugar's clerks, it was plain, knew as much about Mr Smith's movements as they knew about law, so I inquired when their master was to return to town, and learning that this would not be till the end of the week, I left his chambers, resolving to make the most of my time in examining the localities of modern Athens and its environs till his return.

* * * *

[In an elegantly furnished drawing-room, that same evening, sat an old gentleman and his daughter. The lady was seated at the piano, and sang in a clear and most tuneful voice from a volume of Scottish melodies, while the old gentleman lay back in his easy chair, with eyes running over with tears of quiet joy, as he listened to the plaintive strains to which the beloved notes of his daughter's voice gave thrilling expression. The door opened, and the servant's announcement of "Mr. Brown," was followed by the entrance of that gentleman, who bowed gracefully to a firescreen, which in the haze of twilight he mistook for the owner of the house.

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, starting forward and grasping him warmly by the hand, "I am very glad to see you—very glad, indeed. Julia, my dear, this is Mr. Brown that I mentioned to you. Mr. Brown, my daughter." Mr. Brown bowed again and mumbled the usual quantity of inarticulate nothings, and Miss Julia curtsied and blushed a great deal more than any body in the room fancied. "And when did you come to town? We have been looking for you for some days," continued the old gentleman.

The deuse you have! thought Mr. Brown, but he only answered, "We had a very tedious passage: left London on Wednesday, and only got here this morning. Four days of most intolerable bumping about. I hoped to have been here on Friday night, and am a good deal annoyed at the detention, as my stay will be proportionally curtailed. I must start again on Saturday."

"Pooh, pooh, nonsense! We sha'n't let you off for a month to come. Shall we, Julia?"

"Oh! you are too kind!" replied Mr. Brown, wondering what on earth all this cordiality meant. "I have a letter for you here," he continued, drawing one from his pocket, and presenting it to the old gentleman.

"Tut, tut! never mind the letter! The usual thing, I suppose. I'll take *it* all for granted, and take *you* as I find you. The son of my old friend Brown needs no introduction. And how is the old gentleman? Hale and lively, eh? The same jolly fellow as ever, I promise you. Always the life and soul of his friends ever since I knew him, and that's not yesterday!" And so on the old gentleman rattled, overwhelming his visitor with questions which, to that individual's great relief, he generally answered for himself.

There is something about the twilight that tends immediately to sociality; and before Mr. Brown had sat an hour, or, as it seemed to him, half that space, he felt as much at his ease with his new acquaintances as if he had known them for years. The old gentleman was a frank, chatty, warm-hearted kind soul; and his daughter's soft and gentle voice, "that excellent thing in woman," had produced an impression upon their guest, to which he willingly resigned himself. Twilight had melted into darkness when he rose to depart.

"Come, come!" said the old gentleman, "it is not Scotch hospitality to let friend's bairns off in that way. Julia, dear, ring the bell and see if they are getting supper for us. Keep your seat, sir, and my daughter shall let you hear what we barbarians of the North can do in the musical way, while the lassie's getting the gas lighted. Something short and sweet, Julia, there's a dear."

Having seated herself once more at the piano, the young lady ran over the chords with a skilful touch, and then broke into a symphony of a wild and mournful cha-

racter, which aptly ushered in the melody to which she sang the following words:—

SONG.

"Look up, look up, my bonny May,
And cheer me wi' your winsome e'e!
Though I look sad, and little say,
Yet dinna hide your smiles frae me.

The sunny rays on winter days,
Although they canna melt the snaw,
Yet glad creation wi' their blaze,
And chase the settled gloom awa'.

And my cauld heart that's frozen o'er,
And has nae joyance o' its ain,
Must from another's glee implore
A smile to light its weary pain.

Look up, look up, my bonny May,
And cheer me wi' your winsome e'e!
My thoughts are wandering far away,
I fain would fix them all on thee."

They are hazardous things, these twilight introductions. A man's heart may be gone before he knows where he is. The calmness of the hour, spreading its serenity over the feelings, and preparing them for the finest impressions, the half-murmured tones, and the unreserve of communication which is imperceptibly produced by the absence of the garish light, which, with its bold and obtrusive glare, always seems to operate as a curb upon our impulses, have a strange effect in quickening the imagination and affections. In such a situation the presence of beauty is felt—it needs not to be seen. An unerring instinct tells a man that the voice beside him is not more sweet than the flush of the cheek is beautiful, and the light of the eyes, which the dimness of the hour enshrouds, soft and soul-subduing. So was it with Mr. Brown, who was perfectly prepared for the charms which the light of the room to which his fair hostess conducted him revealed. As he gazed on her, he felt those resolutions of celibacy with which young men are in the habit of deluding themselves oozing, like Bob Acres' courage, from his fingers' ends every minute. Meanwhile he sat picking a piece of salmon, and affecting to bestow the most earnest attention upon the old gentleman's conversation while, in fact, he was wandering in dreams in which the old

gentleman's daughter was the principal feature.

"My dear sir," said his host, "you make no way with that bit of grilse. Why, you sit nibbling away at it for all the world like that horrid woman in the *Arabian Nights*, the Ghool, that picked grains of rice with a needle when other folks were laying in a hearty meal, and then stole off to the churchyard to sup on human flesh, instead of staying at home with her husband and family like a decent Moslem. Mind you, we don't allow any of these pranks here. The watchmen would be down upon you in a twinkling; so take your supper like the rest of us, and don't trust to picking a bone in the West Kirk or the Calton on your way home."

"Trust me, I'm getting on famously," replied Mr. Brown; and, bending over his plate, he began to work away with his fork as if for very life.

"Famously! infamously, you mean! If you don't get on any better than your doing, I'll set you down for sea-sick, or brain-sick, or love-sick, and then heaven pity you!"

"Oh, my dear sir, make yourself easy! Sea-sick I have been, as who has not? according to the saying of the poet—'oh, *si sic omnia*!' But hitherto I am not conscious of being squeamish in either of the other ways; and, to prove to you that I am neither damaged in brain or heart, I mean to make an attack upon your whiskey toddy forthwith, which all lovers and madmen have forsworn time out of mind."

"Ay, ay, that's all very true, but I hardly know whether one who has made such a poor hand at the platter should have the freedom of the cup. We can't let you have the nectar, if you won't patronise the ambrosia. What do you say, Julia? Do you think we may trust Mr. Brown with a tumbler to himself?"

"If he promises first to make it strong enough, not otherwise."

"I accept the conditions, and you shall be the judge," replied Brown, and proceeded to mix a tumbler of that compound

fluid which, in Scotland, is beloved of the men, and has been said to "charm all womankind." The lady pronounced it "pretty well, considering," and her father said he had hopes they would make something of their guest after all.

The conversation then turned into an easy and cheerful strain about men, manners, books, and things in general, and Mr. Brown felt strongly impressed with the conviction that he had never enjoyed himself so much any where in his life before. When he rose to depart, it did not require much solicitation to induce him to abandon his intention of leaving Edinburgh at the end of the week. There were so many people to see, so many places to visit, that he began to think it would be perfectly impossible to get through them all by that time. He was urgently pressed by his host to make head-quarters of his house during his stay in Edinburgh, and with a warmth which alone would have made it impossible for Mr. Brown to refuse it; but the liking which he had conceived for the old gentleman, and the still warmer feeling which he entertained towards his daughter, rendered the proposal a most acceptable one. He returned home to his hotel in high spirits, and tumbling into bed, dreamt all night of a parish priest and the Elysian fields.]

* * * *

Eight or ten days had elapsed since my arrival in Edinburgh, and still I had obtained no tidings of my portmanteau. It had not made its appearance at the steam-packet office; and accordingly I had set it down for lost, and my namesake, Mr. John Brown, for a member of the swell mob. Trusting to get the requisite information from Mr. M'Grugar, I waited patiently for that worthy's return. At the expiry of a week I called at his chambers, when I had the pleasure of another interview with the young gentleman in the foul linen, in which I learned that Mr. M'Grugar had returned, but was off again to Forfarshire to collect Sir Somebody Something's rents. My friend had,

of course, as a point of principle, forgot to make any inquiries of him regarding Mr. Smith; and I was, therefore, just as wise on that point as before. Mr. McGrugar, however, was to be back in a day or two, and a day or two I waited accordingly. I called again and again, but the mysterious Mr. McGrugar was always either in Perthshire, or Aberdeenshire, or in the Isle of Sky, called thither on particular business, and I had well nigh given up all prospect of his return as hopeless. I had surveyed the streets of Edinburgh like a police inspector; visited the libraries and museums till the attendants, I saw, began to eye me with suspicion; stared from the Calton Hill till I was tired, and grown familiar to the box-keeper at the theatre;—in short, I had exhausted all the sources of amusement which the northern metropolis affords, and felt a good deal puzzled how to dispose of myself with any sort of comfort for a few days more. I had resolved to wait that time to see if Mr. McGrugar would return, as I did not like to go back to London just as I had left it. To kill the time, therefore, I made a trip into the Highlands, and returned to my old quarters in the Crown Hotel about a week after.

"What's this?" said I to the waiter the morning after my return, as he presented me with a piece of paper folded long ways, in that fashion which, to an observant mind, too surely bespeaks the presence of an account. "'To a double-breasted coat, £4 14s. 6d. Brass buttons for ditto, 5s. To a white satin vest, fancy sprig, rolling collar, £1 15s.' Why, what in the name of all the tailors is this? There must be some mistake. These things were never ordered by me. Is there any body waiting?"

"Yez, zir. The man that brought it's below."

"Send him up to me."

"Yez, zir," replied the waiter, and dived out of the apartment.

"A white satin vest, fancy sprig, rolling collar! To pair trousers, best Saxony

black, £2 2s.; straps for do. 1s.!" What is the meaning of all this?" I inquired of an over-dressed clothescreen who had just shuffled into the room, and was bowing to me from the door with a pitiable smirk upon its face.

"Its our small account, sir—took the liberty—heavy payments to-day, sir—feel greatly obliged:" and having unburdened itself of this announcement, the clothescreen drew itself up, and drew down at the same time a pale blue satin vest with which its waist was encircled.

"I see it is an account, sir, but what have I to do with it? You don't expect me to pay this, do you?" "Heavy payments to-day, sir—feel greatly obliged."

"Heavy payments be hanged! This is no concern of mine. Who ordered these things?"

"Who ordered?" tremulously retorted the screen. "Why, sir, you ordered them your-self. Mr. Brown, I believe, sir—Mr. John Brown. You'll see it at the top of our little bill."

"Well, sir, and what of that? Mr. John Brown I certainly do see at the top of this account, but that doesn't prove it to be mine. I should think I'm not the only person of that name in the world? Am I?"

"Certainly not, sir; oh, no, sir, I should think not! but you certainly ordered these articles?"

"I ordered them! when, where! how?"

"Last week, sir! Our Mr. Sniffin took your measure. You remember you said you wanted them in a particular hurry, and we had to work extra hours to get them done. They were sent home on Friday last, and when we sent for payment next day, as you gave orders, you had left town."

"There must be some mistake here. I never ordered these things, and, what's more, I never got them. As for paying for them, therefore, it's quite out of the question," I said, returning the clothescreen its document.

"But, sir—" remonstrated the screen.

"Will you walk out?" I exclaimed, pointing anxiously with the index finger of my right hand towards the door, and glancing significantly at the window at the same time.

"But, I assure you, sir——"

"Will you go?"

"Very sorry, sir, but we must take steps to recover."

"Take what steps you like, but step out at once from here!" and I slammed the door in the clothescreen's face with such vivacity as to upset it. I heard it muttering denunciations as it picked itself up and shuffled along the passage, while I chafing with impatience, returned to the breakfast-table, and, pouring the contents of the teapot into the slop-bowl, sweetened them with two pats of butter, poured some Harvey's sauce over the whole by way of cream, and only discovered the mistake when the first mouthful had passed irrevocably over my throat. I was upset for the day, and lay idly on the sofa, revolving with considerable earnestness all the different methods of suicide which I had ever heard of. I had just come to the conclusion that suffocation by the smoke of charcoal was the neatest, when I was disturbed by the entrance of a thin weazen-faced man, with a hard stony voice, arrayed in a suit of faded black, very white in the seams, and very seamy at the buttons. He was accompanied by a stout, flabby-cheeked individual, smelling strongly of snuff, stale ale, and rancid cheese, and habited in a suit of indescribable garments, over which was a shaggy pea-jacket rather the worse for wear. This person had on a broad-brimmed hat, unctuous and shining all round the edges, and carried a menacing short stick for his own individual security, and the annoyance of her majesty's lieges. Looming in perspective followed two wholly unaccountable characters, very dirty, very shabby, and very drunk. Those gentlemen were also provided with sticks, upon which they rested their right arms in a very impressive manner.

"Good morning, gentlemen, exclaimed I, sitting up on the sofa, and surveying this quartett of curiosities with no slight surprise.

"Your servant, sir," said the man with the petrified voice. "Sorry to trouble you, but business and pleasure sometimes draw crossways, you know," and the wretch grinned at his own facetiousness! I asked the cause of this unexpected visit.

"I believe, sir, you object to paying this account," said he of the stony voice, shewing me the tailor's bill of the morning.

"Unquestionably I do. It is none of mine, and pay it I certainly shall not!"

"I am sorry for that, because I always prefer settling these matters amicably. I think, Mr. Brown, you'd better pay it at once, and have done with it," said the brute in a confidential tone.

"And I pray who is it I am indebted to for this advice?"

"You will find my name there, sir," said stony voice, coughing, as he handed me a card all brown and dirty about the edges, with the name of Mr. Brail Weazil, solicitor, upon it.

"Then, Mr. Weazil, you will oblige me by keeping your own breath to cool your own porridge as you say in Scotland, for I do not think your advice is very likely to be followed in the present instance."

"Very well, Mr. Brown, my instructions are peremptory, and I must proceed as law directs—as law directs, Mr. Brown. Messengers, do your duty."

Upon this the gentleman in the peacoat advanced, and produced a warrant to arrest Mr. John Brown, now or formerly residing in the Crown Hotel, Edinburgh, or elsewhere in Scotland, as *in meditatione fugæ*, at the instance of Messrs. Snipwell and Cabbitch, tailors and clothiers in Edinburgh, to whom the said John Brown was said to be indebted, resting, and owing the sum of £12 13s. 11½d. Since ever I was able to know a "hawk from a hernshaw," I have had a horror of the law. I was

bred to it originally, but left the profession in disgust; and as I now cast my eyes over the warrant, grim visions of Bonds of Caution *judicio sisti*, followed up by Replies and Duplies innumerable, rose up before my mental optics, and I resolved to pay the rascals and have done with them at once, rather than be pestered with an action, in which it was ten chances to one that they succeeded. I therefore paid the sum under protest, and bowed Mr. Brail Weazil and his friends out in as summary a manner as possible, and with good reason, for, as it was, I had to burn pastiles in the room for the rest of the day to dispel the odour they had left behind them.

That same night I was sitting in the theatre, when my attention was arrested by the entrance in an opposite box of a young lady of most fascinating appearance, accompanied by a gentleman, in whom I thought I recognised my namesake who had haunted me ever since I left London. The lady was, I think, one of the loveliest creatures I ever beheld.—She had a complexion clear and glowing, a full and finely-rounded brow, shaded with hair dark and glossy as the raven's wing, a mouth around which a thousand graces hovered, and rich dark eyes, bright, but with a softness in their lustre. When she turned them full upon her companion, and smiled through them upon him with an expression of confidence and affection, oh! how I envied till I almost hated him. How it happened the reader may guess, but when the curtain dropped, I found I had a very vague recollection of what had passed on the stage, and a very vivid impression with regard to the lady in the opposite box. By this time, too, I was fully satisfied that the gentleman beside her was no other than my namesake; and as this was an opportunity for getting scent of my missing portmanteau which was not to be lost, I sent the box-keeper to him with my card, and requested a few moments' conversation.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, after we had interchanged the usual civilities, "I

hope you got your portmanteau again quite safe. I can assure you I was excessively annoyed at the mistake."

"That was the very thing I wished to see you about. I have not seen it to this hour, and am horribly put about for want of it."

"Bless me! you don't say so. Why, I sent it to the office the very day I landed, thinking you would be sure to ask for it there."

"And so I have, but the people tell me they have seen nothing of it."

"The deuce they do! The fellow I sent with it must have made some blunder. I daresay, now, he'll have taken it to the wrong office. If these fellows can make a mistake, they're sure to do it. Have you inquired at the other company's office?"

"No I have not; and egad! I shouldn't be at all surprised if you were right in your conjecture. I shall inquire to-morrow, certainly."

"Do, like a good fellow, and let me know. You'll find my address there," he continued, handing me his card; "or stay,—where do you put up?"

I told him.

"At the Crown? That's odd. Why, I put up there. Well, I'll look in upon you, and hear how you have succeeded. A lady, you see, is in the case, and then, you know——"

"All other things, of course, give place."

"Bye, bye. *Au revoir*." And my friend hurried back to his enviable seat, while I returned to mine, and eyed him with very much the same class of emotions as may be supposed to have possessed the common enemy of man as he watched the connubial bliss of the first husband and wife of whom we have any record. "Put up at the Crown!" thought I, as I walked home. He it was, then, whose tailor's bill I had paid. I should try to get that out of him at all events.

Next morning I proceeded to the office of the other steam-packet company, and there, sure enough, my portmanteau was

brought to light from under a huge pile of packages of all descriptions, battered, bruised, and broken. My letters were all safe, however, and that was the great point. There, among others, lay the important document, the letter to my father-in-law that was to be, with the address staring me in the face, "David Smith, Esq., No. 7 North Castle Street." North Castle Street! and I had been hunting for the last three weeks after a Mr. David Smith of South Castle Street. I wished my namesake very especially at the bottom of the sea, and the waiter who had miscarried my portmanteau skewered with half-a-dozen of his own corkscrews. What other extravagances I may have committed in the first gush of my spleen it is hard to say, but I have a distinct recollection of kicking boots out of the room, and dashing my hat to pulp against the bedpost, in the course of dressing previous to making a call upon the veritable Mr. David Smith, whom I found seated very comfortably in his library, reading. When the servant announced my name, he rose, and beckoned me to a seat with rather a bewildered air.

"Mr. John Brown, I think you said?"

"Yes, the same, son of your old friend of Dorset Square, who has armed me with these credentials to you," I replied, handing him the letter.

He took it, and, as he read, I never saw a man look so thoroughly perplexed in my life. Every now and then he cast a glance at me over the top of it, and then resumed the perusal, which he seemed desirous to protract as much as possible.

"Dear me, this is extremely awkward—extremely awkward, indeed, A most unaccountable circumstance!" muttered the old gentleman in a sort of reverie. "And how was your father when you left him? Well, I hope? Bless my soul, what is to be done? How it could have happened, I really cannot comprehend."

Here the old gentleman rang the bell, and gave some instructions to the servant, which I could not hear. He then entered into conversation with me, but in a

manner so abstracted and embarrassed, that I was convinced there was a screw loose somewhere. Shortly afterwards a lady and gentleman entered the room, who, to my astonishment, turned out to be my namesake and the lady with whom I had seen him the night before.

"Julia, my dear, there has been some very awkward mistake here. I'm afraid you've married the wrong man!"

"Father!" exclaimed the lady in surprise.

"Sir!" exclaimed my namesake in wrath.

"The deuce!" exclaimed I, feeling very much as if I were shut up in a vapour-bath.

"Are you," continued Mr. Smith, turning to my namesake, "not Mr. John Brown, son of Mr. John Brown, Dorset Square, London?"

"Not I;—I am Mr. John Brown, indeed, but my father is Henry Brown, of Thistlecrop Manor, Bucks."

"And who was the letter from, you brought me?"

"Old Tom Johnston, of Johnston, Thomson, Gibson and Co., Lombard street, who was kind enough, knowing I had no acquaintances in Edinburgh, to give me one to you."

"Confound my stupid old head! I see it all,—I see it all. This all comes of my not looking at that letter. I was expecting my friend here at the time, and took you for him."

"I am selfish enough to say," replied my double, "that I cannot regret the mistake, since it has gained me this hand, and I hope your friendship."

"But it is so odd that you should have come the very day we were expecting Mr. Brown here," said old Smith, who evidently felt extremely at a loss what to say. "A most remarkable coincidence!"

"Very remarkable, indeed," said I, feeling that it was necessary to relieve all parties from their embarrassment by putting the best face on the matter possible. "Very remarkable, indeed, considering

what an uncommon name ours is, that two of us should have crossed each other in this way. However, I am used to these little *contretems*. I have twice figured in the police reports as the perpetrator of shocking murders; been found drowned in the Regent's Canal some six times, with a love-sonnet, a toothpick, and fourpence halfpenny in my pocket; have eloped thrice with Chancery wards, and made various desperate attempts upon her majesty's person, yet here I am as quiet and well-behaved a young man as ever bore the name of Mr. John Brown. My namesake here has cost me a good deal of bother and annoyance one way or another; and oh! unkindest cut of all, he has been beforehand with me in securing a charming wife. However, it is all the chance of war, and he shall have a quit-tance from me in full, provided he reimburses me for this tailor's bill, which I have had to settle for him?"

"My marriage-suit, by all that's absurd! And you paid this?"

"Your marriage-suit, was it? Now positively this is too bad. It is adding insult to injury. Not to be content with robbing me of my intended, but absolutely to make me pay for the clothes you wedded her in. Flesh and blood could not bear it."

"Since you have given up so much already, perhaps you will surrender this point too for my sake!" said Mrs. Brown. "I see you will."

There was no resisting that smile. I gave in, and that evening saw us all seated in a friendly circle, laughing heartily over my misadventures. Brown and I have been good friends ever since. He is the happiest of Benedicks, and I—am still a bachelor. Will any benevolent female take compassion on

JOHN BROWN?

THE CLOUDS.

BY WILLIAM G. HOWARD.

"The clouds,—are they not magnificent? those morning clouds, floating so silently in the calm ocean of the sky? They are for ever changing, and every moment become still more beautiful. It would seem as if God had traced them with his own hand, that man might have a faint conception of the poetry of heaven. It may be they are the vehicles which angels employ when they wish to hover over our world, to weep for the wickedness of man, or rejoice at the triumph of virtue." LANMAN.

The clouds! the clouds! how beautiful!
In the blue depths on high!
How silently they float along
The "ocean of the sky!"
More lovely is their radiance now,
Than at night's solemn noon,
When flinging their dark shadows o'er
The pale and silvery moon.

The clouds! God's hand has traced them there,
A precious token given
To man, that he may here conceive
The poetry of heaven:
For ever changing in their forms,
Like pencillings of light,
Whose every varied aspect beams
New beauties on the sight.

O! how enchanting is the thought,
That peoples clouds and air,
With "beings brighter than have been,"
And more divinely fair!
This world would be a cheerless void,
Were fancy chained at home,
A stranger to th' aerial fields,
Where sister spirits roam.

I love the clouds, because they seem
The shadows of that bliss,
Which fills the glorious world above,
But never dwells in this:
They meet us in the morning light,
At evening's sombre hour;
Reflecting visions of delight,
With calm and holy power.

AN OMNIBUS ADVENTURE.

ONE day an elderly gentleman, named Cartwright, stepped into an omnibus at Union Square, in order to pay a visit to Wall street to receive his dividends. In Broadway, the vehicle stopped, and took up a lady and a little girl, who, having seated themselves exactly opposite to Mr. Cartwright, afforded him full leisure and opportunity to survey them. The first thing he remarked of the lady was, that she was both young and pretty, and the next, that she bore in her countenance evident traces of sorrow and anxiety. The little girl was very pretty too, and, whatever her mother's cause of grief might be, was yet too young to share it, for she did not look more than four years old. Interested by their appearance, Mr. Cartwright made one or two attempts to address the lady; but although she answered him politely, she seemed too much absorbed in her own reflections to be disposed for conversation. Some courtesies offered to the child, met with a more willing reception. Before they reached Wall street, however, he lost sight of them; they descended and turned into a street that led off at right angles, whilst the heavy omnibus rumbled on to its destination.

Receiving one's dividends is a very pleasant occupation, especially to a comfortable Westchester farmer, who adds something to his principal every year, which was the case with Mr. Cartwright, who was an extensive breeder of sheep in that county. He was a very good-natured, kind-hearted man at all times; but in consequence of the soothing effect of his errand, when, having transacted his business, he buttoned up his pockets and stepped into the omnibus to return, he felt in a more than usual complacent mood, and very well disposed to chat with his companions. Accordingly he entered into an amicable dispute regarding the badness of

the times with a passenger who sat opposite, and whose errand into the city had probably been of a less agreeable kind, seeing that he professed his belief that a period of universal ruin was approaching. Mr. Cartwright took the cheerful side of the question, averring that in all ages it had been the fashion to abuse the present and laud the past, but for his part, he did not doubt that the times were as good as any that had preceded them, if not better.

Whilst our happily-disposed friend was engaged in this argument, the omnibus suddenly stopped at exactly the same spot where the lady and little girl had descended from it, and when the door opened, he perceived that it was to take them up again. The lady made him a slight acknowledgment of recognition, the little girl smiled in his face, but on looking at the countenance of the former, he could not help concluding that her expedition had not terminated so agreeably as his own. There were traces of recently-shed tears, and the expression of grief he had first remarked, seemed almost now deepened into despair. At this sight, Mr. Cartwright left off praising the times, and set himself to think what could be the matter with his fair fellow-traveller. He wondered much if her trouble arose from the want of money. She was genteelly dressed, and so was the child; but how often the outside is maintained at the expense of the inside, and with how many is personal appearance the last thing sacrificed! How frequently good clothes, the only remaining relics of better days, are accompanied by an empty pocket; and the decayed gentleman or gentlewoman, whose air and attire in the street would have repelled the suspicion of poverty, retires to a fireless hearth, and lies down with a supperless stomach.

"Perhaps," thought Mr. Cartwright,

"she has been into the city to ask the assistance of some rich relative, who has refused to aid her;" and the good man wished he could discover if that was the case.

"Who knows but one of these twenty dollar notes I have in my pocket might be of the most eminent service to her, and how well I could spare it!" But how was such a delicate mystery to be discovered? Had Mr. Cartwright been alone with her, he would have made a bold effort to penetrate the cause of her affliction; but there were several other passengers in the vehicle, and it was therefore impossible to venture the slightest observation on her distress. All he could do was to renew his civilities to the child, whilst the unhappy mother sat with her head as much as possible averted from the company, every now and then lifting her handkerchief to wipe away the starting tears as they began to steal over her cheek. "Poor thing!" sighed Mr. Cartwright, as they descended from the omnibus exactly at the spot where they had first joined it, and he looked out to observe which way they went. They turned down a narrow street, which led towards the river, and as Mr. Cartwright caught a glimpse of the water at its extremity, it rather augmented the pain he felt of losing sight of the interesting stranger without having been able to make any effort towards alleviating her distress. He remembered how often those dark waters had proved the last refuge of the destitute—the resting place of the wretched who could find no other; and when he sat down to his comfortable dinner, his thoughts involuntarily reverted to the young mother and her child, and he felt, if poverty were really the evil under which she was suffering, how happy he would have been to have seen them seated at his table, and partaking of the abundant repast provided for himself.

It was not only because he was a benevolent and kind-hearted man, that Mr. Cartwright felt thus; but also because he

stood more alone in the world than he liked. He had been married, but his wife had died childless; and he had neither brother nor sister, nor any relation alive, except his mother, a worthy old woman, who resided with him, but whom he reasonably expected to see fall before himself. Being rich, he did a great deal of good amongst the poor in his neighborhood, and in his will he had made a benevolent disposal of his property; but he nevertheless often regretted that he had nobody to make happy with it, to whom he could be attached, and who could, in return, be attached to him; and thus, when distress presented itself before him in so interesting a form as that of the lady and her child, he could not help earnestly desiring to make further acquaintance with it. "Still, however," as he said, "there are many evils in the world besides poverty, and many for which I can do nothing; so I had better think no more about it." But he could not help thinking more about it; and for the few following days that he remained in town, when his business was over for the morning, he invariably found himself lounging along Broadway, and taking a turn down the street that led to the river, in the vague hope of meeting the objects of his interest and curiosity. However, his wishes were not realised; he left New York without seeing any more of them, and gradually the impression they had made faded from his mind.

Six months after this adventure, Mr. Cartwright went to New York again, and on the precisely same errand. He had before gone to receive his July dividends, now he went to receive his January dividends. He put up at the same house, and stepped into the same omnibus, at the same hour, for the purpose of being transported to the bank; but what was his surprise when the omnibus was hailed at the very same spot in Broadway, and the same lady and child got into it! "They are poor," said he to himself, at the first glance, for the difference of their attire betrayed their secret; their dresses were

not only shabby, but insufficient for the season; and the hollow cheeks of the mother, and the faded roses of the child, told a tale of suffering and want, that could not be questioned. "Providence seems to throw them in my way," thought Mr. Cartwright; "and this time it shall not be in vain." But the lady, apparently weighed down by her afflictions, never raised her eyes, and did not see him; or, if she did, did not recognise him; whilst his attempts to make friends with the child were less successful than on the former occasion. The young spirit was nipped by penury; and cold and want had already clouded the smooth brow, and dimmed the lustre of the laughing eyes. "I must not lose sight of them," thought Mr. Cartwright, as they approached the place where they had before left the omnibus; so, when the vehicle stopped to put them down, he descended also. They took the same road they had done on the former occasion, and he followed them, desiring to address them, but not knowing how to set about it; till after a little while they entered a door which appeared to lead into a counting-house, which point being ascertained, and a probable means of tracing them thus secured, Mr. Cartwright hastened on to the bank, in order that he might transact his business and return in the omnibus as before, in the hope that they might do the same. They did so; and when they left the carriage in Broadway, he left it too, and once more followed them till they entered the door of a shabby-looking house, and disappeared without his having found resolution or opportunity to address them. After walking up and down the street a little while, considering what he should do, he advanced to the same door and knocked. "There is a lady and a little girl living here," said he to a dirty looking woman, who answered his summons.

"Them as I let in just now?" said she.

"Yes, exactly," replied Mr. Cartwright.

"What is their name?"

"Sinclair," responded the woman.

"How long have they lived here?"

"Almost two years; but they're going away next week."

"Has the lady a husband?" inquired Mr. Cartwright.

"I believe so, but I never saw him. I heard that he had turned out ill, and had left her."

"Do you know what her situation is? She does not appear to be in very good circumstances."

"Not she. That's the reason she is going away—she can't afford to pay for her board, and I cannot afford to stand out of my money."

"Has she any friends?" asked Mr. Cartwright.

"A few people used to call on her when first she came to live here," answered the woman; but they have all dropped off, and you're the first person that has inquired for her for many a day. Do you know her?"

"I believe I do; and I'll thank you to let her know that a gentleman of the name of Cartwright wishes to speak to her. Perhaps she may not recollect me, but tell her I'll explain to her who I am, if she'll do me the honor to admit me."

After a short absence, the woman returned, and desired him to follow her; and having led him up two pair of stairs, she ushered him into the presence of Mrs. Sinclair. Every thing in the room bespoke poverty, and the dresses which the mother and child had worn half an hour before had already been changed for something more homely and faded, clearly betokening that those which had struck him as being so shabby and insufficient, were nevertheless, the best their reduced circumstances had left them.

"I must begin, madam," said Mr. Cartwright, when the woman had closed the door, "by apologising for an intrusion which nothing could excuse but the motive that occasions it." To this exordium the lady bowed, and a faint blush suffused her cheek; whilst the little girl, who evidently recognised her fellow-traveller,

crept to his side and laid her hand upon his knee, whereupon he lifted her up and asked her if she remembered him.

"Yes," said she. "You were in the omnibus."

"But did you ever see me before to-day?" inquired he.

"No," said the child.

"No! it is too long for you to remember; and probably even you, madam, may not recollect that six months ago we met under exactly the same circumstances as that of this morning."

"I fancied I had seen you before, sir," said Mrs. Sinclair, "but I had quite forgotten where."

"Well, madam," continued Mr. Cartwright, "that was not the case with me; I remembered the circumstances very well, and was extremely glad of the accident that gave me an opportunity of discovering your residence, which I often regretted I had neglected to do the first time we met."

"Do you know me, sir?" inquired Mrs. Sinclair, surprised at this appearance of interest from a stranger.

"No, madam," replied Mr. Cartwright. "I never saw you, to my knowledge, till we met in the omnibus last July. But as we may beat about the bush all day, and lose a great deal of time if I do not explain clearly the motive of my visit, I shall beg leave to come directly to the point, first apologising for the liberty I am going to take, and requesting a patient hearing."

Mrs. Sinclair having bowed her acquiescence, Mr. Cartwright hemmed two or three times to clear away the embarrassment he felt on entering upon so delicate a subject as the lady's distresses. He then proceeded to narrate how much he had been interested by the appearance of herself and of her child, and moved by the evident affliction under which she was laboring.

"Whether it be true, madam," said he, "that we are occasionally drawn towards others by particular sympathies, I

know not, but certain it is, that I was more than commonly affected by your unhappiness, and more than commonly anxious to contribute towards its relief, if it were in my power. But having no means of ascertaining your name, or anything respecting your situation, I was obliged to leave New York without accomplishing my wishes; but the singular coincidence which has again brought us together, leads me to hope that I am destined on this occasion to be more fortunate."

As such instances of disinterested benevolence are not common, though we believe they are not quite so rare as the world supposes, Mrs. Sinclair raised her eyes to the face of the visitor, as if she were seeking the key to his generosity. The open, honest, manly countenance of the country gentleman was one that could well stand the test of scrutiny. "I mean nothing but what I say," continued he. "I am a plain man, and make straight to the object of my discourse. There are many afflictions for which human aid can do little, but there are others which it can alleviate, and one of these is, not being altogether well off—in short, poverty. If I am not wrong in supposing that pecuniary embarrassments form some part of your distress, pray confide in me, and give me an opportunity of doing what will confer on myself the greatest satisfaction."

The tears started into Mrs. Sinclair's eyes; she blushed, and turned pale, and hesitated. "However painful it may be, sir," she said, "it would be folly to attempt to deny that I am poor; every thing you see around me attests the meagerness of my resources; and although I have other and great troubles; yet I will own that the most pressing at this moment is poverty. But what reason have I, sir, to hope that a stranger will afford me the assistance that my own connexions deny me? Why should I intrude my distresses on you? what claim have I on your benevolence?"

"Every claim, madam," said Mr. Cartwright; "at least so my feelings tell me;

and of this I am certain, that your declining my assistance would give me more pain than, I think, you would be willing to inflict on a person who desires to serve you;" and in order to invite her confidence, he next proceeded to inform her who he was, and how he was situated; and, in return, she told him that she had married a young man who was a clerk in a public office, but that he had forfeited his situation through misconduct; that for some time she had lost sight of him altogether, and that, with him, her means of subsistence had ceased, except what she had been able to earn by needlework, and a very small half-yearly allowance which was paid her by a relation in the city. "It was on my way to receive that money," she said, "that I had the good fortune to meet you in the omnibus."

"And you do not know where your husband is?" said Mr. Cartwright.

"No," replied she, "I do not; and I fear he has too much reason to keep out of sight. On the day I first met you, last July, I heard very afflicting intelligence with respect to him, when I went into the city;" a communication which recalled to Mr. Cartwright the remarkable augmentation of grief he had observed in her countenance when she stepped into the omnibus the second time.

As space cannot be afforded here to detail the progress of the intimacy and confidence that grew up between Mr. Cartwright and Mrs. Sinclair, we must content ourselves with saying, that, having satisfied himself that she was well-worthy of the interest he was disposed to feel in her fortunes, he not only relieved her immediate distresses, but invited her and her child to accompany him into Westchester county on a visit, intending to keep them there as long as it should be found agreeable to both parties. His mother, therefore, having been duly prepared for the arrival of these new inmates, the three started for the country, and without accident reached the comfortable residence of Mr. Cartwright, where they met with a glad

reception from his aged relative. The contrast between the luxury and abundance to which they were now introduced, and the privations their indigence had long imposed on them, were sensibly felt by the strangers, as they seated themselves at the well-served dinner table on the day of their arrival; whilst the benevolent host and hostess were intensely gratified by so favorable an opportunity of exercising their hospitality. Thus in friendly discourse over the cheerful fire, and with much enjoyment to all parties, the first evening passed rapidly away, and at an early hour, being somewhat fatigued with their journey, the travellers retired to their beds.

It was not known to Mrs. Sinclair; but the room to which she was conducted was the one that, before his journey to New York, had been occupied by the master of the house. As it had a particularly warm and pleasant aspect, he had directed in his letter that it should be appropriated to the visitors, and another prepared for himself; and this was accordingly done. After returning thanks to Providence for having raised them up such a friend in the hour of need, and having invoked blessings on their benefactor's house, the mother and her child stretched themselves to sleep in the good man's bed.

It was a sound sleep they fell into; the journey, the change of air, the well-appointed couch, and the peace of mind resulting from the change in their fortunes, naturally disposed them to rest, and Mrs. Sinclair's anxious thoughts had reposed in deep slumber for some hours, when she was suddenly aroused by a sound as of something falling in the room, and on opening her eyes, she beheld two men, one of whom was standing with his back towards her at an old bureau, the lid of which he had just let fall, whilst the other, who had a knife in his hand, was in the act of turning away from the bed, over which, a moment before, he had been bending. "Come along," said the latter, in a low hurried voice to his companion; "the old man's

not here—we must look further—there's a woman and a child in the bed—come along lest they should awake;" and he drew his companion away.

"Are you sure they're asleep?" asked the other.

"Quite sure," answered the first.—"Quick!—come along." And they stole out of the room, softly closing the door behind them.

Mrs. Sinclair looked at her child, who fortunately still slept soundly; then she slipped out of bed—threw on her dressing gown, and gently opening the door, listened to discover which way the men were gone. She knew nothing of the house, neither where the servants slept, nor where her host or hostess slept, for she had seen nothing but the rooms below, and her own bed-chamber; but presently a slight creaking of a stair satisfied her that there were footsteps ascending to the floor above; so she crept after them. The thieves entered the room to the right; she approached the door, hesitating what to do, uncertain whether any one slept there, and afraid of uselessly sacrificing her own life if she discovered herself too soon; but in a moment more the voice of Mr. Cartwright saying, "Who's there?" satisfied her there was no time to lose, and she pushed open the door. At the sound of this unexpected disturbance, both the men turned suddenly towards her, whilst Mr. Cartwright jumped suddenly out of bed, and seized the one nearest to him by the arms. The other, on seeing this attack made upon his companion, lifted up his knife with the intention of plunging it into the breast of the man they came to murder, when Mrs. Sinclair darted forward, and seizing the robber by the arm, exclaimed, "Oh, James! for mercy's sake spare the friend and benefactor of your child!"

"Charlotte!" ejaculated the man, confounded at so unexpected a meeting,—
"what has brought you here?"

"We were starving, James," replied Mrs. Sinclair, "I and your child, and the charity of this good man has saved us.—

Oh spare him for our sakes, as well as for your own!"

"Come along, Bob!" said the man, whom the reader will, by this time, have discovered to be the unfortunate woman's husband; "this affair won't do;" and pushing his companion before him, he moved towards the door. There he stopped, and turning round to Mr. Cartwright, who stood an amazed spectator of this scene, he said, "Sir, she has saved your life! Take care of her and the child."

"I will," said Mr. Cartwright, with an earnest expression, and the robbers descended the stairs, and in a moment more left the house as they had entered it, with their hands unstained by blood, and without the booty they had been induced to come in search of, from knowing the object of Mr. Cartwright's journey to New York.

Mrs. Sinclair never saw her unhappy husband again. Sometime afterwards she learned from her relation in the city, that he had been convicted of a burglary, and was condemned to the State Prison for life; but as his real name did not transpire, she was spared the infamy that would have recoiled upon herself and her child from the disclosure of his crimes. The wretched man did not long survive his incarceration. His intemperate habits and lawless mode of life had made strong inroads upon his constitution. He died thoroughly repentant. Of him it might be truly said, that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." We need scarcely add that Mr. Cartwright fulfilled his promise to the uttermost. Mrs. Sinclair continued to live at his hospitable residence, and after the death of his mother, Mr. Cartwright wishing to give her and her child a legal right to the property he possessed, married Mrs. Sinclair. The house and the estate annexed to it is now the property of her daughter, who is herself a happy wife and mother, having married a young clergyman of great accomplishments and exemplary piety of that neighborhood.

THE WITHERED LEAVES

BY MISS JANE T. LOMAN

THEY are falling thick and rapidly before the autumn breeze,
And a sudden sound of mournfulness is heard among the trees,
Like a wailing for the scattered leaves, so beautiful and bright,
Thus dying in their sunny hues of loveliness and light.

The wind that wafts them to their doom, is the same that swept along,
In the freshness of their summer-time, and blessed them with its song;
That voice is still the merry one, that 'mid the sunshine fell—
Ye are not missed, ye glowing leaves, by the friend ye loved so well.

But yet no fearful fate is your's, no shuddering at decay,
No shrinking from the blighting gust that bears your life away;
The spring-tide, with its singing birds, hath long ago gone by—
Ye had your time to bloom and live, ye have your time to die!

Oh! would that we, the sadder ones, who linger on the earth,
Like ye, might wither when our lives had parted with their mirth;
Ye glow with beauty to the last and brighten with decay,
Ye know not of the mental war that wears the heart away!

Ye have no memories to recall, no sorrows to lament,
No secret weariness of soul with all your pleasures blent;
To us, alone, the lot is cast, to think, to love, to feel—
Alas! how much of human woe those few brief words reveal!

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

LINES

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE WITHERED LEAVES."

BY WILLIAM N. CRANSTON.

OH, breathe not that sad wish, my friend, that we might part with life,
When called to yield its mirthfulness, and scenes of joy and strife;
There are some better moments, far, in evening's twilight hour,
Than we can know in youth's gay morn, when led by fashion's power.

'Tis at the sun-set hour of life that we its deeds review,
And learn to live in righteousness, as though our days were few;
'Tis then we feel the folly of the fleeting course we've run,
And know we must prepare for death before our work is done.

Oh, who would cease to live, my friend, when youthful sports are o'er,
Because the mournfulness of age is ever with us more;
The joys of heaven will not be less, when rising from the tomb,
Though we have gained a green old age, and spent some years of gloom.

The autumn of thy life may be its dearest portion, far,
For no *dividing joys*, perchance, its loveliness will mar;
So live, that when the beauties of this lower world must fade,
Thy spirit shall to glory rise, in innocence arrayed.

THE PERPLEXED POET.

APICIUS VON RIPPEL was one of those lath-like men, whom one may chance to encounter on an April day, walking leisurely and unwashed 'twixt the drops of a smart shower; long-drawn as a lover's sigh, and slender—as his own income.

Though he had certainly been a *long* resident on this locomotive world of ours, he had amassed but little, and *barely* lived, as *his habiliments* evidently demonstrated; yet Apicius Von Rippel never complained, and if he did at first *groan* a little, he had grown so much lately, that he appeared to have *risen superior* to the petty cares and misfortunes of a world—the which, like a true philosopher, he only regarded as a mere *ball* at his feet, which (when *he* had given his last *kick*) would continue to roll on to the end of time!

Von Rippel was neither a filthy swine-herd, nor a mechanic, but an *author*—a man who lived upon his own brains—by which his spare habit proved that he gained nothing to spare—and little to spend.

Whether this arose from lack of wit in Apicius, or in others, never was resolved. But threadbare poverty is, alas! too often the companion of genius.

One night, Apicius was busied in the composition of a sonnet to his mistress *eye*—for, like the Alphabet, the lovely Artemisia possessed but *one*—being in this respect, *singularly* beautiful, as likewise in the situation of her *head*, which, like her heart, was all on one side! But to make amends for these personal particularities, she had a wit as sharp as a razor, and a *temper* far surpassing it.

There was not such another virgin on the world's surface—Artemisia was a phoenix of her kind; and fortunately for Apicius was it, that nature had so ordained

it, for had her twin and counterpart appeared, Apicius, like Mahomet's coffin, would have hung suspended, and pined to death betwixt the equal attraction.

Having proceeded about half-way in the echoing labyrinth of his *monocular* sonnet, Apicius, who was reposing in peace, but to rise again, upon a tombstone, rested his left hand and his scrap-book upon his knee, and stuck his pencil precisely against the side of his nose, while his memory crawled leisurely over a lexicon of tuneful words for a rhyme. Nothing apposite, however, could Von Rippel catch; and he began to read aloud what he had already indicted, hoping to run into another line by the genial course of inspiration; but it would not do—he stopped short at the conclusion of his own lines, as if they were the *lines* of an enemy.

The sound of his monotonous mouth-ing had scarcely died upon the breeze, when, in a distinct and pompous voice, he heard the sonnet continued and concluded.

As the invisible's words fell from his lip, Rippel's fell from his hand—but not one, even of wonderment, from his tongue. He dared not stir—his feet had no more expression in them than his rhymes.

The moon's rays were beaming brightly before him, and his elongated shadow reposed motionless (like a black attendant) behind him.

He remained fearfully silent—so still that, comparatively in the imperfect light, the monumental stones and their shadows appeared to be animated.

His neck was as stiff as a crocodile's, or a rusted hinge. At last a sigh oozed from his lips, and was answered by a laugh—it was a rich, merry laugh, and full of encouragement.

Apicius was soon mounted on the ob-

servatory of his own legs ; and throwing his eyes about him, they chanced to light upon the diminutive figure of a man, supported by two legs and a crutch-stick.

"How are ye, my man?" quoth the Dwarf, with such a patronizing, consequential air, that it was impossible to refrain from laughter.

"Well said, little one!" exclaimed the poet, indulging in a mirthful fit, and stooping down to take a nearer view of the dwarf.

"Aye, laugh on—laugh on!—'tis only tit for tat; for I laughed at your *sighs*," cried the Dwarf, "and now you laugh at mine!"

"By Dian! who now smiles so sweetly upon us," exclaimed the chuckling poet, "thou art a comical little prig; short as an epigram, and rounded like one of my own periods."

"Ahem!"

"What art thou a-hemming at, my sprig o'myrtle?"

"At thy vanity, Meinherr Cedar!" replied the Dwarf; "but I tell thee what now," carelessly throwing his right leg across his left in attitude, and resting on his crutch stick—"I tell thee what, though I have not the *right* use of my *left* leg, I'll run with thee for a wager."

"Done!" cried Apicius, stretching out one leg, and measuring it with a glance of confidence. "But what is the wager?"

"He who is beaten at running shall stand a supper."

"Done to that.—But where thall we display?"

"The high-road, methinks, will suit thee best!" replied the Dwarf, eyeing the lengthy Apicius with a smile.

"Come along, then!" cried the poet.—"Oh! I can run like a rivulet!"

"And I like a seedling-cabbage," said the Dwarf;—"or like the dark ivy which can run over the tallest trees!—Now, if I outrun thee, thou wilt run out of thy wits!"

"I have more fleetness than fear," replied Apicius; and by this time, having reached the high road, they stood;—the signal was given—Apicius bounded forward like a lank greyhound, while his little competitor hopped and jumped, and jumped and hopped—like a hunted rat beside him.

Apicius was wonderstruck at his swiftness and agility, and puffed like a forge bellows, while the Dwarf laughed and joked in perfect good humour all the way, propelling his diminutive body with apparently very little exertion; and finally won the race by several yards.

"Vanquished!" cried Apicius; "a well won match—a noble feat!"

"That hath proved my *feet* superior to thy long legs! But now for the supper, for running hath given me an appetite."

"The supper! the supper!" exclaimed the poet, rather staggered by this just demand.—"Now, by Artemisia's ivory brow! I have not a penny in my poke!"

"What?" cried the ruffled Dwarf, assuming a big look, "dost thou intend to defraud me of my due? Sdeath! sirrah, I am no plaything for thy wit to trifle with."

"Come, come, be cool, my little fire-ball!" replied Apicius, scarce able to refrain from laughter at the pigmy's terrible looks and menaces:—"As far as cheese-rinds and a mouldy crust may serve, thou art welcome to partake of my fare; and if, in lieu of *hock*, thou can'st relish the pure element, follow me."

"Follow thee! never, thou swindling varlet;"—and springing at him, in a paroxysm of rage, the Dwarf struck Apicius such a tremendous blow on his unfortunate scone, that the pain *awoke* him, and the love-sick poet found he had been lying, *all along*, asleep upon a monumental slab, against which in the excitement of his dream he had bumped his pate.

THE TOMB OF ALL THE CAMPBELLS.

It was on the afternoon of an October Sabbath, that my friend and I hired a small boat at the Lazaretto, on the banks of Holy Loch, in Argyleshire, to cross over to Killmunn, "the Tomb of all the Campbells." Although so late in the season, a sun of summer brightness was shining over our heads, and the loch and its surrounding scenery were richly illuminated by the unwonted splendor of his beams. A light breeze was on the water, and the small waves played gently and smilingly around our little bark, which, in our opinion no doubt, contained Cæsar and his fortunes. On our landing, we walked about a mile along the beach, and arrived at the Church of Killmunn, which is pleasantly situated close to the bank of the loch, with a fine avenue of trees approaching it from the northward. It is a small ordinary looking building, of grey stone, in the style of most of the parish kirks; but close to its northern end is a handsome ruin, of what was once a monastery. After having wandered about for a few minutes, a venerable sybil-like matron, opened the gate of the church yard, and admitted us. The first peculiarity which attracted our attention, was the number of armorial bearings, which adorned the tomb stones of the peasantry—a striking instance of that characteristic love of ancestry attributed to the Scotch. On the east side of the church is the burial place of the dukes of Argyle, which is a mean barn-like projection, erected over the vault, where most of the princes of that noble line have been interred. Our guide unlocked the gate, which grated mournfully on its hinges, as we entered the presence chamber of death, with an inexpressible feeling of reverential awe; for nothing impresses the mind with such an undefined sense of nothingness, and insignificance, as the consciousness of being in

the presence of mouldering mortality, particularly when we are aware that the silent and motionless dust before us, is all that remains of the high-born and the powerful.

The contrast between the scene we had just witnessed, and that which was at present before us, was solemn and impressive. A few moments before, and we had seen the calm, smooth loch smiling in the rays of the sun, and scarcely rippled by the light breeze which played over its surface, while the shadowy reflection of the surrounding mountains, gave it an appearance of unfathomable profundity and imperturbable serenity. A few small boats were floating gaily and securely on its surface, and the eye might dimly catch in the distance, the figures of the shepherds tending their flocks among the lofty hills. All was so calm, so beautiful, that it seemed to our excited imaginations that the very winds and waves were soothed into peace by the sacred influence of the Sabbath, and as if the splendid amphitheatre, which surrounded us formed one vast temple of nature, lighted up and adorned for the worship of its Creator. We had seen all this—we had felt the genial warmth of nature, smiling in her richest and most splendid array—and now, an involuntary shudder crept over us as we entered the silent house where those once famous in story were sleeping the cold sleep of death: the sunbeam was glancing upon its roof; but all within was cold, damp, dreary and comfortless. "And is this," thought I to myself, "now the only hall of audience that remains to the once powerful Campbells?" On each side of the interior of the building are erected buttresses of stone, about four feet in height and eight in projection from the wall, on which were deposited the coffins of four of the house of Argyle. It is impossible for me to describe the complicated feelings which

crowded my mind on beholding all that remained of the once proud and far-famed Dukes of Argyle—for there they lay—the once mighty of the land, neglected and alone—silent and desolate. My friend mounted the elevated stone bier, on which the coffins were placed, and read the long list of titles which were blazoned on the coffin-plate of the eldest duke, and which proclaimed, as if in derision, that “the high, the puissant, the noble Argyle was lying before us, a mouldering heap of ashes. He who had once drawn after him the hearts of many, and who had lived the sovereign of a widely extended domain, now lay in a solitary church-yard, in an unfrequented and neglected part of his own extensive property.

The crimson adornments which covered the coffin of the great Duke of Argyle, were the sole relics of the splendor which had once surrounded him; and the coronet and sword which lay resting on his

bier seemed to say to the senses, “the head that wore and the arm that wielded, where are they now?” Alas! the eye needed but to glance downwards on the fast-decaying pall, beneath which the worm had long since finished its work of destruction; to find an appropriate answer—“They are returned to dust.”

Oh! what a mortifying lesson does such a sight afford to human pride! Their virtues, their vices even are almost forgotten, and there they lie—the princes of the land, merely distinguished from the crowd of mortality which surrounds them, by the paltry distinction of being covered with a crimson pall, exposed to the gaze and pity of the passer-by—a melancholy and impressive monument of the instability of human grandeur, and of the insufficiency of wealth and power to ward off from their possessors that dart which levels all distinctions. So much for the pride of ancestry, the pomp of power.

'T WAS YESTERDAY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

“’Twas yesterday!” familiar sound,
Heard oft as idle breath;
Yet, prophet-like, to all around,
It spoke of woe and death!
A mourner by the past it stands,
In mystic mantle of decay,
Shrouds in the night of years its hands,
And grasps all life away!

High from the boundless vault of Time
The stars of empire veer;
“’Twas yesterday” they beam’d sublime,
The mightiest in their sphere!
’Twas yesterday reveal’d to Fate
The rival crowns of centuries flown,
Show’d where a Phantom sat in state
Upon the Cæsars’ throne!

Sceptre and robe were cast aside,
The ghastly bones stood bare;
The rust fell on the gauds of pride,
The worm held council there.
Nor answer would the phantom give,
But to our constant prayer replied—
“Thus ’twill be said of all that live
That ‘yesterday’ they died!”

Where are the Grecian conquests now,
The triumphs of her lute?
Dust rests on the Homeric brow,
Her genius is mute!
Where are the glorious hearts that fought
For freedom in the “Pass of Gore?”
Gone—where the mightiest names are sought—
With yesterday of yore!

We hope—but what we hope the shroud
Wraps from our weeping sight;
We aim at stars, and clasp the cloud,—
Seek day, and find but night!
Ah! who with Life’s dread woes could cope.
If ’twere not for that Faith sublime,
Which sees the Ararat of Hope
Above the floods of Time?

What then is “Yesterday?”—a key
To wisdom most divine!
It is the hall of Memory,
Where Fame’s brief trophies shine!
The spiritual home of things,
Where Intellect immortal beams.
Which lends to thought its holiest wings,
Inspires the noblest themes!

A drop that mirrors forth a world,
Then mingles with the earth;
A star from Time’s vast empire hurled,
Slow falling from its birth.
A presence with the sacred past
To warn our spirits of delay,
Which saith,—“Proud man, to-day thou hast,
Use well thy little day!”—

PRESUMPTUOUS LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

"I have scarcely seen forty summers, notwithstanding my face has assumed the wrinkled decrepitude of old age. When I was twenty, I was already the most celebrated scholar in all Germany; my name had bounded over the classic threshold of the University of Jena, and one day William Beaucamp was elevated from the academical benches to the Professor's Chair of Philosophy, in the great college of a royal residence.

"Surrounded as I was by a young and ardent group at this period, I mixed up my philosophical and literary instruction with fomenting, in their turbulent minds, a warlike ardor, and calling forth their pride, patriotism and courage, in the cause and independence of old Germany. The modest chair of the Philosopher became the noisy tribune of an agitator. The strong public favor manifested towards me, called upon me to play, in despite of myself, the part of a little great man; and to add still more to the popularity of my glory, my old friends and brothers at Jena did me the honor to request me to compose a war song appropriate to the times, upon the dangers of our common country; and I wrote in haste the Hymn of Germany, which was warmly and enthusiastically adopted by all the youth of that country.

"My National Song aroused in the principality an astounding sensation; and the King, who had not deigned to notice the eloquence of philosophy, awoke all at once to the thrilling sound of my popular chorus, and he allowed to fall upon the simple robe of a Doctor of Philosophy the reflection of his regal crown; I was forthwith appointed a Privy Councillor, and tutor to three of the King's children.

"Charged with the education of children who had a right to know nothing if they pleased, the office was a complete and

profitable sinecure. Unhappily, the regal idleness of my august pupils allowed me to give myself up entirely to the *ennui*, the etiquette, and follies of the court, and all at once I fell into the idleness of a princely life. I forgot my quiet and peaceful habits, and neglected my former intellectual occupations—Greek, Latin, history, science, philosophy, were now laid aside, and in their stead my time was employed in learning to dance, to bow with grace, to hold my head with elegance, and to ride on horseback with dexterity.—I exchanged the simple habit of a grave Professor for the gilded coat of an *outré* courtier. I wrote amorous verses, glided through the mazy waltz, and was the author as well as hero of several drawing-room comedies—in a word, I had at length the incredible audacity to fall madly in love with the daughter of the king, the Princess Marianne.

"Under these circumstances, you will surely imagine that misfortune the most fearful, the most appalling was mine; but you cannot guess half my misery; only picture to yourself that I was in love, and, with whom—with the daughter of a King.

"It is difficult for a foreigner to understand the poetry of passion which overwhelms a German lover, and who can live so long upon such slender encouragement as a single look—a word—a tear—a sigh—a remembrance. You require strange events, extraordinary scenes, pompous display to excite you—we only want calm, silence, clouds, and reverie. You love in prose—we adore in poetry; with us 'tis the passion of a life—with you the mere excitement of a moment.

"My trembling love and silent adoration of the Princess Marianne, was, no doubt, extreme audacity and unparalleled temerity. It well became me to love the noblest, the most beautiful and matchless

being of all the court, and of all Germany. It well became an unfortunate like myself—a miserable pedant—to weep, to suffer, and even to die for her. To speak the truth, my enthusiastic love was a mystery to myself. For a year, or as I felt it, an age of suffering and of folly, in which I loved day and night, without a single ray of hope to cheer the gloomy future; I loved in secret and in silence too, my only confidants being poetry, music, the flowers, the stars, and the trees. To see Marianne at a distance—respectfully to salute her, and disappear, was, at first, the extent of my desires, my only ambition, and the hope of my life; but I saw her smile—perhaps it was at my woe-begone appearance, or it was, perhaps, in disdain or pity; but it mattered not to me—I had seen her smile, and I was proud, was satisfied, was inexpressibly happy.

“One morning, the master of the royal household entered my chamber, and told me, without any previous demand on my part, that for the future I was to have the royal sanction to enter the Park, appropriated exclusively to the family of the King, and to walk there with my three young pupils morning and evening. What inexpressible happiness this gave me; to have daily an opportunity of approaching the star of my idolatry—to hear her speak—to see her smile, although she had never deigned to address to me a single word; yet I had often heard the sweet music of her voice in speaking to her brothers, and the thrilling echo of that voice still resounds in my heart, and whispers softly in my ear.

“In a little time, I vainly imagined that the Princess Marianne smiled with more than her usual grace at my approach, and that she saluted me with a sweetness which eloquently said a thousand charming things; and these remembrances are alike fondly treasured in my heart.

“One day, when we were sheltering from the effects of a burning sun, under the umbrageous shades of the densely-wooded park, one of the Maids of Honor came to me and requested that I would

sing for the Princess a new song, of which I was the composer as well as the author. Tremblingly I obeyed, when on a sudden the exquisite voice of Marianne repeated the concluding stanzas of my amorous ditty. Judge of my surprise, my vanity, my delirium of delight; it was like the seraphic tones of an angel deigning to respond to the coarse and discordant melody of a mere mortal.

“The recollection of this scene nearly deprives me of my reason; my hopes were raised, and I thought my passion was returned.

“The next day I had the inconceivable audacity to write the following billet:—

“Madam—If my good fortune should ever enable me, in my walks in the park or garden, to find a handkerchief of your Royal Highness, worked with the name you so eminently adorn, will you deign to permit me to keep it, as a memento of your benevolence and of my hopeless love?”

“In two days after this, I was, as usual, taking my morning walk in the Park, when I perceived the Princess approach, surrounded by a crowd of nobles. I drew aside as they came near, and as she passed the tree which half concealed me by its foliage, a handkerchief fell from her hands—and this was the last brilliant dream of my presumptuous love!”

“The same evening a Captain of the Royal Guards entered my chamber, and demanded that I should deposit in his hands all my letters, papers, and manuscripts, by order of the king. He then politely desired me to follow him, handed me into a travelling carriage, whispered a few words into the ear of the coachman, and without condescending to notice my terror and agitation, or without informing me of the crime I had committed, he very coolly said, that he was charged to place me within the walls of a state prison.

“The state prisons of Germany were, indeed, living sepulchres, where the unhappy inmates dragged on a miserable existence. The sorrows which I there endured; the tortures which I there submitted to, God alone knows, and I have now scarcely the courage to recall them to my

mind. I have wept, I have suffered; I have felt the piercing cold, I have endured the horrors of hunger; and this agony lasted fifteen years. And yet I lived, surrounded by these horrors; shut out from the light which God alone can give; imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon, with but a few trusses of straw to lay my withering limbs upon; yet morning and evening, at all times and at all hours, I besought of Heaven to grant me but one ray of sun, and one look at my adored Marianne; but Heaven was inflexible. To replace the sun, I had the light of a sepulchral lamp, and, instead of Marianne, the jailor was the only human being I could look upon.

"One morning, after fifteen years' imprisonment and sufferings, a man descended to my dungeon, and said to me, "*You are free!*" Without uttering a word I followed this important personage, before whom the prison doors flew open, and I felt that I was once more at liberty.

"Will you believe me when I tell you, that I thought not of the sufferings I had endured, nor the friends that I had known, nor the kindred from whom I had been torn, nor the fame which I had lost, nor the prospects which were about dawning upon me; no, I thought but of her—of Marianne."

"The first question I asked you may easily surmise, it was concerning her for whom I had suffered so much. I learned that the Princess, about twelve years back, had quitted the kingdom of her father, to marry the heir apparent to a royal crown."

"With liberty I felt a renewal of courage; the sun and the air had given me strength, my own country had now no charms for me, my Marianne was gone; and I boldly set out in the hope of prostrating myself once more at her feet, carrying with me my only treasure, the handkerchief of the Princess.

"In a few days I arrived in the new country of my enchantress, and contrived

to glide, notwithstanding the miserable appearance I presented, into the garden of the Ducal Palace. God took pity upon my sorrows and my wishes, and after I had been there for a short time, I perceived a female walking with slow and measured steps; her feet touched the earth, but her eyes and thoughts were raised to Heaven. She advanced towards me without seeing or noticing my approach. In a moment I raised a cry of agony, and fell with my arms extended, insensible, a short distance from the Princess Marianne.

"She knew me not, but yet hastened to offer what succour she could to an unfortunate sufferer. She spoke—she interrogated me in the sweetest voice possible. She offered me money—her entire purse; which I rejected, weeping at her feet, and wiping away my tears with the handkerchief which she had given me."

"Your name?" she falteringly asked.

"You know it well. I am William Beaucamp."

"From whence come you?"

"I come from a world of sufferings, regrets, and tears."

"What is that world?" she asked.

"A prison."

"Rise, William," she said; "we shall perhaps meet again. Adieu!"

"The Princess gave me her hand, which I enthusiastically pressed to my lips. She disappeared in the park, and I never saw her again; for ere I recovered from a brain fever, which confined me a month to my bed, she had been removed I could not learn whither, and I was forced to accept a pension offered to me, which enables me to wander homeless and loveless through the world, an outcast and a stranger; and when I think of my love, and the brilliant promises of my youth, I weep; but then I have a consolation—my only one—and that is, to wipe my tears away with the handkerchief of my beloved and too well remembered Marianne.

BOTANICAL DESCRIPTION

OF

THE DÁHLIA.

Class.
SYNGENÈSIA SUPERFLUA.

Natural Order.
COMPOSITÆ

Order.
ASTEROIDÆ.

GENERIC CHARACTER.—*Head* radiated, flowers of the ray ligulate, female or neuter, those of the disk tubular, five-toothed. *Involucre* double. *Receptacle* flat, chaffy, scales membranous, oblong, undivided. *Branches* of the style erect or somewhat incurved, thick, externally hairy. *Anthers* exsertate appendiculate.

SPECIFIC CHARACTER.—*Leaves* opposite, divided in a pinnate,* more rarely in a bi-pinnate manner, *Segments* ovate. *Roots* fasciculate, some cylindrical, others oblong, tuberculate. *Branches* elongated at the apex, naked, one-headed. *Heads* various in color.

The Dahlia, although a plant of this Continent, being originally from Mexico, was known in Europe before it was cultivated in the United States. It is generally said to have been introduced into England by Lady Holland, in 1804; but the fact is, it had been introduced there many years before that period, and was only brought from Madrid, in 1804, by Lady Holland, who apparently did not know that it was already in the country. The first kind of Dahlia known to Europeans was discovered in Mexico by Baron Humboldt, in 1789, and sent by him to Professor Cavanilles, of the Botanical Garden, at Madrid who gave the genus the name of Dahlia, in honor of the Swedish Professor Dahl. Cavanilles sent a plant of it the same year, to the Marchioness of Bute, who was very fond of flowers, and kept it in the greenhouse. From this species nearly all the varieties known in the gardens have been raised; as it seeds freely, and varies very much when raised from seed. It is rather remarkable that the Dahlia *Superflua*, or *Variabilis*, should produce flowers of colors so different, as crimson, purple, white, yellow, orange, and scarlet. Among all the colors, however, displayed by these varieties, no flowers have yet appeared of blue, and comparatively few of a pure white.

The Dahlia is a tuberous-rooted plant, which is propagated either by seeds or division of the root. The seeds are chiefly used for raising new sorts; and they should be treated like tender annuals, being sown on a slight hot-bed in March or April, and planted out in May, or the beginning of June, according to the season. The plants rarely flower the first year, but the tubers will form in the course of the summer, and may be taken up in autumn with those of the old plants. When the plants are propagated by division of the root, care must be taken that each piece has a bud to it. These buds, or eyes, as the gardeners call them, are not scattered all over the tuber, like those of the potato, but collected in a ring round the collar of the root. The eyes, when the root is in a dry state, are sometimes scarcely perceptible; and to discover them, nur-

serymen often plant their roots in a hot-bed, "to start the eyes," as they call it; that is to say, to force the latent buds sufficiently forward to show where they are situated, before they divide the roots for the purpose of forming new plants.

Dahlias are also propagated by cuttings of the stem, taken from the plant; or young shoots slipped off the tuber, with part of the woody fibre attached. The cuttings should be struck in sand, or very sandy loam, under a bell glass, and with bottom heat. Great care should be taken to shade them from the direct rays of the sun, till they have thrown out roots, as the leaves are easily withered, and when this is the case, they cannot be recovered; and the cutting will perish, for want of due circulation of the sap. The roots will generally form in a fortnight, or at most three weeks.

The best soil for Dahlias is a compost of equal parts of sand and loam, with a little peat; which may be enriched with part of an old hot-bed, or decayed leaves. Manure of any kind should, however, be used very sparingly; as too much will cause the plant to produce strong, coarse-growing leaves and stems, instead of fine flowers. Though they flower so late in the year, Dahlias are killed by the slightest frost; and thus their beauty, great as it is, is generally rather short lived. As soon as the leaves turn brown from frost, the stems should be cut down, and in about a month after, the tubers should be carefully taken up, and laid on boards in an open shed, or some similar place, where they are protected from the rain and sun, but still have plenty of air. They should afterwards be kept in a dry cellar, in sand or sawdust.

The beauty of the Dahlia is estimated principally by the shape of the flower, which should be perfectly circular, without any of the petals projecting beyond the others. The size and color of the flowers are considered as of inferior consequence to the form, by professed florists; though, of course, large flowers are generally preferred to small ones.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1.—BALL DRESS.—Rich lavender silk, magnificently embroidered down the front, with deep blonde cape, gloves à *demi bras* ornamented with lace.

FIG. 2.—WALKING DRESS.—Green velvet *redingote* with wide hanging sleeves. Bonnet of rose coloured satin *piqué*.

FIG. 3.—MORNING DRESS.—Of lilac coloured Pekin, bias folds in the skirt, sleeves and corsage; rose coloured belt ribband. Lace collar, attached with rose coloured ribbands. Lace cap à la *paysanne*, trimmed with roses and rose coloured ribbands.

NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS.

PARIS, 10th DECEMBER, 1842.

Our winter has set in upon us in earnest, and with it returns the reign of velvets, stuffs, satins, cashmeres, and that endless variety of thick fabrics which seem meant to bid defiance to the cold and fogs of this, to us, very triste season of the year. Among the many pretty things which we have seen since our last letter, and which are not more pretty than uncommon, let us mention the *redingotes* and the evening dresses now in fashion, and which are made of velvet of the color *aile de mouche*. Several of these which we have observed on the persons of some of our most fashionable people, trimmed with English point lace, are about the most elegant things of the sort in the world. Not less beautiful, however, is another toilette of brocade, with flowers on a silver ground, worked in with rose-colored silk. We must not forget to speak of the *pekins* of all sorts which are still the fashion here, but of which the most *recherché* are those in broad stripes shaded in two colors. These are very much worn as robes *negligé*, either for the morning or evening costume; and some, I have remarked, have this advantage, that, by being made close at the neck, or to be turned back at pleasure, they are equally suitable for either. I need hardly say that furs continue to be the mode for winter costume. Velvet flowers with purple foliage, are much in fashion this winter, but not more so than feathers, which have never been more worn than during the present season, though it is said that they are very scarce and very dear. *Passementerie* also continues in great favor. Camails embroidered with this fashionable ornament are extremely handsome, and not more handsome than elegant. If, however, you would see the most poetical, the most *recherché*, and the most charming of our winter fashions, let me recommend to your notice the coiffure *Petrarque*. This is composed of a veil or long piece of lace, which is joined to a little crown of rose laurel, and which is worn slightly inclined to one side, but rather low on the forehead: the long but light ends of the lace, floating upon the neck, have a most elegant and charming effect. Nor must I omit to mention the coiffure à la Anne of Austria, which is equally becoming for those rather more advanced in years. This is of bright green velvet, intermixed with gold tissue, and terminated with large gold

tassels, and harmonizes remarkably well with the superb fabrics of which our dresses are now composed.

Ermine is now all the rage, both for camails, manteaux, and trimmings. Our young nobility are now wearing manteaux composed of black cashmere, having large capes and hanging sleeves, entirely lined with ermine. Sable also is being much used for trimming of pelisses, especially those elegant evening wraps composed of pink or white satin, green or *nakaret* velvet; for an afternoon toilette nothing can be handsomer than a cloak of violet velvet, bordered with *kolinski* fur, sables being more used for the decorating of those immense camails worn of a morning.

The near approach of the new year has given to all our Parisian magazines an additional activity. Go where you will, every thing gives token of the *jour de l'an*. In the shops long waves of gauze, rustling and sparkling in the midst of bronzes, of gold, of crystal, and of porcelain; cashmeres descending from their lofty stages, and spread upon vast tables, to display their magnificent arabesques; flowers and precious stones—all speak of that season of festivity and happiness which is nowhere so well and, I may add, so kindly observed as in Paris. Truly may I call these things the forerunners of the *jour de l'an*. To return, however, to the dresses of our Parisian beauties, within the last two or three days one of the most elegant camails which can be conceived has appeared. This is of black velvet; the front bordered by a quilling of *passementerie*, four fingers wide at the bottom, but diminishing in width as it approaches towards the upper part. The bottom, and that part of it which surrounds the neck, are trimmed with the same *passementerie*, disposed in designs of a thousand different forms, and interspersed with rows of braiding. There is nothing else talked about, if we except the appearance of a very elegant *paletot Russe* in some of our select circles, and it is said that its advent is likely to work a complete revolution in the fashions of our *Crispins*, which have already become somewhat common. I remarked this *paletot* upon several of our most beautiful women. I had only just time to send you a drawing of this beautiful article, by the last packet—(See plate in our January number) which, I think, you will agree with me, deserves all the encomiums I have bestowed upon it.

WHAT IS LIFE.

A HYMN.

What is life? 'tis but a va....por; Soon it van...ish..

The first system of the hymn features a treble and bass staff in E-flat major (three flats) and common time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the notes.

es a.....way, Life is like a dy...ing ta...per;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Oh! my soul, why wish to stay?

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Why not spread thy wings and fly, straight to yon-der worlds of joy?

The fourth system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the notes.

Straight to yon....der worlds of joy.

The fifth system concludes the hymn with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the notes.

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TERMS:—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

THE ARTIST is published at the Office of the Proprietor, Mr. Quarré, No. 64 Reade street, near Broadway, New York, where Subscriptions will be received, and all communications immediately attended to. All letters must be post paid.

NOTE.—The nature of this work and the great care with which it will be executed, will compel the Proprietor to publish only a limited number of copies, and he therefore cannot, with any certainty, engage to furnish the numbers of "THE ARTIST" excepting to Subscribers, and to avoid any mistake upon this subject, all persons subscribing to the work will be furnished with a receipt signed by the Publisher.

PRINTED AT THE HERALD PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT, Corner of Nassau and Fulton St.

